

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 129L.—February 27, 1869.

CONTENTS.

1. FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,	<i>William Cullen Bryant,</i>	515
2. PAU AND THE SPANISH COURT,	<i>Tinsley's Magazine,</i>	525
3. HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST,	<i>Spectator,</i>	525
4. THE MILITARY SPIRIT IN FRANCE,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	526
5. DR. FRITSCH ON THE CAPE COLONY, DUTCH FREE STATES, AND NATAL,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	527
6. LITERARY FORGERIES,	<i>British Quarterly Review,</i>	528
7. VARNHAGEN VON ENSE'S DIARY, VOL. 10,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	543
8. ALPS IN AUSTRIA,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	543
9. HAWTHORNE'S NOTE-BOOK,	<i>Spectator,</i>	544
10. ARTIFICIAL SPRAY AND ITS USES,	<i>Times,</i>	546
11. BAL TIC AND RUSSIAN CULTURE,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	546
12. THE COUNTRY-HOUSE ON THE RHINE. Part XV. By Berthold Auerbach. Translated from the Ger- man for the "Living Age,"	<i>Die Presse,</i>	547
13. GERMAN SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY,	<i>Saturday Review,</i>	555
14. A HOUSE OF CARDS. Conclusion,	<i>Tinsley's Magazine,</i>	557
15. THE LAST OF NELSON'S CAPTAINS,	<i>Macmillan's Magazine,</i>	573
16. CROSSING BAYONETS,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	574
17. RUSSIAN PRESS ON ENGLISH EASTERN POLICY,	<i>Pall Mall Gazette,</i>	575
18. MR. CLAY ON A PROHIBITORY TARIFF,	<i>N. Y. Evening Post,</i>	514

POETRY.

ADVICE GRATIS,	576	GIBALTAR,	576
MUSICAL PITCH,	576		

NEW BOOKS:

CHEAP FOOD DEPENDENT UPON CHEAP TRANSPORTATION. By Josiah Quincy.

PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE:

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II. These very interesting and valuable sketches of Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, The Young Chevalier, Pope, John Wesley, and other celebrated characters of the time of George II., several of which have already appeared in the LIVING AGE, reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine, will be issued from this office, in book form, as soon as completed.

A HOUSE OF CARDS.

LETTICE LISLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 35 volumes, 90 dollars.

" " Second " " 20 " 50 "

" " Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, unabridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the LIVING AGE, in numbers, price \$10.

MR. CLAY ON A PROHIBITORY TARIFF.

IN copying the following remarks from The New York Evening Post of 9 Feb., we cannot but add a few words to enforce a policy of peace. At present the whole country is willing to bear the heaviest duties upon importation that will increase the revenue, and help pay the debt. Would it not be wise in the manufacturers to be content with the great advantage which this gives them, by which there may be a long period of incidental protection to a greater extent than could otherwise be obtained? If they should, on the contrary, contrary to all the lessons of experience, succeed in getting up a prohibitory tariff, they will before long be obliged to submit to the inevitable revulsion which will cut them down to twenty per cent. again. Let us not get up a division upon this question, which may again engender bitterness. What we all need, and especially the manufacturers, is a permanent and stable course of trade to which industry and capital will accommodate themselves.

Mr. Clay was never for prohibitory duties. He never declared himself in favor of a policy which would destroy the revenue. On the contrary, in his speech on the tariff of 1820, he said frankly, "I too am a friend of free trade, but it must be a free trade of perfect reciprocity." Again, "friendly as I am to domestic manufacturers, I would not give them unreasonable encouragement by protective duties." He complained in the same speech that "the measures of the government had at one period stimulated" manufacturers "too high." In his speech on the tariff of 1824 he declared that "the sole object of the tariff is to tax the produce of foreign industry." He never maintained the policy of excluding it. In the same speech he affirmed that the proposed tariff of 1824 would not "diminish the public revenue." He held that goods would still be imported, and "the revenue considerably increased." As to Great Britain, he held that her restrictive system was wisely adopted "for the establishment and perfection of the arts," and that having "accomplished its purpose," the system might well be laid aside in that country.

In short, Mr. Clay always kept an eye on the revenue, disclaimed the policy of levying duties to diminish the revenue, and insisted on a policy which, as he thought, would improve our modes of manufacture and diminish prices. On the diminution of prices he always laid a great stress, particularly in his great speech on the American System, delivered in 1832. What would he say to the enormous increase of prices, and the distress of the working class under our present protective system?

Two years after the delivery of this speech he brought in his great free-trade measure, commonly called the Compromise tariff. His reflections had led him to the conclusion that the

duties on imports must be essentially reduced. He was then in the Senate. Mr. Verplanck in the House of Representatives, with one or two other members of the Committee of Ways and Means, was engaged preparing a bill for the reduction of the duties on imports, which would have passed both Houses, if no other plan had been offered, when Mr. E. Littel, now the editor of the *Living Age*, a thorough-paced free-trade man, like the writer of this article, drew up the scheme of the famous compromise tariff, by which the duties on imports were to be gradually reduced until the year 1842, when they were all to be brought down to the rate of twenty per cent. on the value of the commodities imported. It was a measure sweeping away every vestige of protection, and laying duties solely for revenue. The scheme was shown to Mr. Clay; he was pleased with it; he adopted it at once; he proposed it; he exerted all his eloquence to carry it through Congress; it became the law of the land. "Pass this bill," he said, "tranquillize the country, and I am willing to go home to Ashland and renounce public service forever." In another speech on the same measure, he said that in a tariff "revenue is the first object, protection the second," a maxim which the protectionists now in Congress have not inherited from him.

In March, 1845, Mr. Clay withdrew from public life, closing his long career as a leader of the Whig party in Congress. In February of that year he expressed his satisfaction with the operation of the great free-trade measure which he had adopted and for which he had obtained a majority in Congress. "It is a great mistake," he remarked, "to say that any portion of the embarrassments of the country has resulted from it." In another speech on the first of March he declared himself willing to abide by the essential principles of the compromise tariff, and argued earnestly in favor of a system of fixed *ad valorem* duties, although he thought that if necessary the rate of twenty per cent. might be exceeded.

CAPTAIN BURTON, the African traveller, has written a book on Brazil, which Mrs. Burton, wife to the Captain, is commissioned by him to see through the press. But the Captain is much too loose in his theories about polygamy and his sarcasms against the Roman Catholic Church to please his wife, so she adds a preface to the book to explain that the Captain does not act up to his liberal notions regarding a plurality of wives ("he is careful not to practice polygamy himself," his wife assures us), but leads "a good and chivalrous life." Mrs. Burton further explains that she is very fond of her husband, "but she is compelled to differ with him on many other subjects." Still they agree to differ and enjoy their differences.

From N. Y. Evening Post, 3 Feb.
FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE NEW YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

THE following paper, containing some notices of the life and writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck, was read last evening before the New York Historical Society by W. C. Bryant:

I have yielded with some hesitation to the request that I should read before the Historical Society a paper on the life and writings of Fitz-Greene Halleck. I hesitated because the subject had been most ably treated by others. I consented because it seemed to be expected by his friends and admirers, that one who like myself was so nearly his contemporary, who read his poems as they appeared, and through whom several of the finest of them were given to the world, ought not to let a personal friend, a genial companion and an admirable poet pass from us without some words setting forth his merits and our sorrow. It is, besides, a relief under such a loss to dwell upon the characteristic qualities of the departed. It seems in an imperfect manner to prolong his existence among us; as we repeat his words we seem to behold the friendly brightness of his eye; we hear the familiar tones of his voice. It is as when, in looking upon the quivering surface of a river, we see the image of an object on the bank which is itself hidden from our eyes.

The southern shore of Connecticut, bordering on the Long Island Sound, is a beautiful region. I have never passed along this shore, extending from Byrom river to the Paugatuck, without admiring it. Here the somewhat severe climate of New England is softened by the sea air and the shelter of the hills. Such charming combinations of rock and valley, of forest and stream, of smooth meadows, quiet inlets and green promontories are rarely to be found. A multitude of clear and rapid rivers, the king of which is the majestic Connecticut, here wind their way to the Sound among picturesque hills, cliffs and woods.

It was at Guilford, in this pleasant region before which the Sound expands into a sea, that Halleck, on the 8th of July,

1790, was born. Poets, it is true, and poets of great genius, have been born in cities or in countries of the tamest aspect, yet I think it may truly be said that the sense of diversified beauty or solemn grandeur is awakened and nourished in the young mind by these qualities in the scenery which surrounds the poet's childhood. I do not find, however, in Halleck's verses any particular recognition of the uncommon beauty of the region to which he owed his birth. In the well-known lines on Connecticut he says:

"And still her gray rocks tower above the sea,
That crouches at their feet a conquered wave.
'Tis a rough land of earth, and stone, and tree," &c.

In another passage of the same poem, where he celebrates the charms of the region, he speaks solely of the tints of the atmosphere and the autumnal glory of its forests:

—"in the autumn time
Earth has no purer and no lovelier clime.

"Her clear warm heaven at noon, the mist that shrouds

Her twilight hills, her cool and starry eyes,
The glorious splendor of her sunset clouds,
The rainbow beauty of her forest leaves," &c.

Yet that this omission did not arise from any insensibility to the beauty of form in landscape is sufficiently manifested by the enthusiastic apostrophe to Weehawken, which escapes from him, as if in spite of himself, in his *Fanny*, amidst the satirical reflections which form the staple of the poem. He gave a higher proof of his affection for his birthplace, withdrawing in the evening of life from the bustling city where the greater part of his years had been spent and where he had acquired his fame, to the pleasant haunts of his childhood, to dwell where his parents dwelt, to die where they died, and to be buried beside them. His end was like that of the rivers of his native state, which, after dashing and sparkling over their stony beds, lay themselves down between quiet meadows and glide softly to the Sound.

Halleck had a worthy parentage. His father, Israel Halleck, according to Mr. Duyckinck, was a man of extensive read-

ing, a tenacious memory, pithy conversation and courteous manners. His mother was of the Eliot family, a descendant of John Eliot, one of the noblest of the New England worthies, the translator of the Bible into the Indian language, the religious teacher, friend and protector of the Indians, the rigid non-conformist, the charitable pastor who distributed his salary among his needy neighbors, who preached and prayed against wigs and tobacco, without being able to triumph over the power of fashion or the force of habit, and of whom it is said that his sermons were remarkable for their simplicity of expression and freedom from the false taste of the age. Halleck inherited his ancestor's spirit of non-conformity. He would argue in favor of an established church among people with whom the dissociation of church and state was an article of political faith, and astonished his republican neighbors by declaring himself a partisan of monarchy. He was not easily diverted from any course of conduct by deference to public opinion. Mr. Cozzens relates that when Jacob Barker had fallen under the public censure, Halleck, then his clerk, was told that he ought to leave his service. He answered that he would not desert the sinking ship, and that the time to stand by his friends was when they were unfortunate. He had a certain persistency of temper which was transmitted, I think, from the old Puritan stock. It was some fifteen or twenty years after he came to live in New York that he said to me, "I like to go on with the people whom I begin with. I have the same boarding-house now that I had when I first came to town; my clothes are made by the same tailor, and I employ the same shoemaker."

I do not find that Halleck began to write verses prematurely. Poetry, with most men, is one of the sins of their youth, and a great deal of it is written before the authors can be justly said to have reached years of discretion. With the greatest number it runs its course and passes off like the measles or the chicken-pox; with a few it takes the chronic form and lasts a lifetime, and I have known cases of persons attacked by it in old age. A very small number who begin, like Milton, Cowley and Pope to

write verses when scarce out of childhood, afterwards become eminent as poets; but as a rule, precocity in this department of letters is no sign of genius. In the verses of Halleck which General Wilson has collected, written in 1809 and 1810 and earlier, I discern but slight traces of his peculiar genius, and none of the grace and spirit which afterwards became so marked. They are better, it is true, than the juvenile poems which encumber the later collections of the poetry of Thompson, but they are not characteristic. Between the time when they were written and that in which he produced the poems which are commonly called the Croakers, his poetic faculty ripened rapidly, and as remarkably as that of Byron between the publication of his *Hours of Idleness* and that of his *Childe Harold*. His fancy had been quickened into new life; he had learned to wield his native language like a master; he had discovered that he was a wit, as well as a poet; and his verse had acquired that sweetness and variety of modulation which afterwards distinguished it. The poems which bear the signature of Croaker & Co., written by him in conjunction with his friend, Joseph Rodman Drake, began in 1819 to appear in the *Evening Post*, then conducted by Mr. Coleman. That gentleman observed their merit with surprise, commended them in his daily sheet, and was gratified to learn that the whole town was talking of them. It was several years after this that Mr. Coleman said to me, "I was curious to see the young men whose witty verses, published in my journal, made so much noise, and desired an interview with them. They came before me and I was greatly struck by their appearance. Drake looked the poet; you saw the stamp of genius in every feature. Halleck had the aspect of a satirist."

There is a certain manner common to both authors in these poems. They both wrote with playfulness and gayety, and although with the freedom of men who never expect to be known, yet without malignity; but it seems to me that Halleck drove home his jests with the sharpest percussion, and there are some flashes of that fire which blazed out on his Marco Bozzaris.

The poem entitled Fanny was published

about that time. It is, in the main, a satire upon those who, finding themselves in the possession of wealth suddenly acquired, rush into extravagant habits of living, give expensive entertainments, and as a natural consequence sink suddenly into the obscurity from which they rose. But the satire takes a wider range. The poet jests at everything that comes in his way; authors, politicians, men of science, each is booked for a pleasantry; all are made to contribute to the expense of the entertainment set before the reader. The sting of his witticisms was not unfelt, and I think was in some cases resented. People do not like to be laughed at, however pleasant it may be to those who laugh. At a later period Halleck saw the truth of what Pope says of ridicule—

"The muse may give thee but the gods must guide"—

and he published an edition of his *Fanny* with notes in which he took care to make a generous reparation to those whom he had offended. But *Fanny* is not all satire, and here and there in the poems are bursts of true lyrical enthusiasm.

Some comparison has been made between the *Fanny* of Halleck and the satirical poems of Byron. But Halleck was never cynical in his satire, and Byron always was. I remember reading a remark made by Voltaire on the *Dunciad* of Pope. It wants gayety, said the French critic. Gayety is the predominating quality of Halleck's satire as hatred is that of the satire of Pope and Byron. Byron delighted in thinking how his victim would writhe under the blows he gave him. Halleck's satire is the overflow of a mirthful temperament. He sees things in a ludicrous light, and laughs without reflecting that the object of his ridicule might not like the sport as well as himself.

In 1822 Halleck visited England and the Continent of Europe. Of what he saw there I do not know that there is any record remaining except his noble poem entitled *Burns*, and the spirited and playful verses on Alnwick Castle.

It was in 1825, before Halleck's reputation as a poet had reached its full growth, that I took up my residence in New York. I first met him at the hospitable board of

Robert Sedgwick, Esq., and remember being struck with the brightness of his eye, which every now and then glittered with mirth, and with the graceful courtesy of his manners. Something was said of the length of time that he had lived in New York: "You are not from New England?" said our host. "I certainly am," was Halleck's reply, "I am from Connecticut." "Is it possible?" exclaimed Mr. Sedgwick. "Well, you are the only New Englander that I ever saw in whom the tokens of his origin were not as plain as the mark set upon the forehead of Cain."

I was at that time one of the editors of a monthly magazine, the *New York Review*, which was soon gathered to the limbo of extinct periodicals. Halleck brought to it his poem of Marco Bozzaris, and in 1826 the lines entitled *Connecticut*. The first of these poems became immediately a favorite, and was read by everybody who cared to read verses. I remember that at an evening party, at the house, I think, of Mr. Henry D. Sedgwick, it was recited by Mrs. Nichols; the same who not long afterward gave the public an English translation of Manzoni's *Promessi Sposi*. She had a voice of great sweetness and power, capable of expressing every variety of emotion. She was in the midst of the poem, her thrilling voice the only sound in the room, and every ear intently listening to her accents, when suddenly she faltered; her memory had lost one of the lines. At that instant a clear and distinct voice, supplying the forgotten passage, was heard from a group in a corner of the room; it was the voice of the poet. With this aid she took up the recitation and went on triumphantly to the close, surrounded by an audience almost too deeply interested to applaud.

The poem entitled *Burns*, of which let me say I am not sure that the verses are not the finest in which one poet ever celebrated another, was contributed by Halleck in 1827 to the *United States Review*, which I bore a part in conducting. Halleck had been led by his admiration of the poetry of Campbell to pay a visit to the charming valley celebrated by that poet in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*. In memory of this he wrote the lines entitled *Wyoming*, which he handed me for publication in the same magazine.

Before the *United States Review* shared the fate of its predecessor there appeared the first printed collection of Halleck's poetical writings with the title of "Alwrick Castle and other Poems," published by G. Carvill & Company, in 1827. I had the pleasure of saying to the readers of the *Review* how greatly I admired it.

At that time the Recorder of our city was appointed by the Governor of the state. Those who are not familiar with the judicial system of this state, need, perhaps, to be told that the Recorder is not the keeper of the city archives, but the judge of an important criminal court. In 1828, and for some years before and afterward, the office was held by Mr. Richard Riker, a man of great practical shrewdness and the blandest manners, who was accused by some of adjusting his political opinions to the humors of the day, and was, therefore, deemed a proper subject of satire. One day I met Halleck, who said to me: "I have an epistle in verse from an old gentleman to the Recorder, which, if you please, I will send to you for the *Evening Post*. It is all in my head and you shall have it as soon as I have written it out." I should mention here that Halleck was in the habit of composing verses without the aid of pen and ink, keeping them in his memory, and retouching them at his leisure. In due time the "Epistle to the Recorder, by Thomas Castaly, Esq.," came to hand, was published in the *Evening Post*, and was immediately read by the whole town. It seems to me one of the happiest of Halleck's satirical poems. The man in office, who was the subject of it, must have hardly known whether to laugh or be angry, and it was impossible, one would think, to be perfectly at ease when thus made the plaything of a poet and pelted with all manner of gibes, sly allusions, and ironical compliments, for the amusement of the public. Among its strokes of satire the epistle has passages of graceful poetry. Halleck, after the manner of the ancients, in leading his victim to the sacrifice had hung its horns with garlands of flowers. The Recorder, however, is said to have borne this somewhat disrespectful but by no means ill-natured assault with the same apparent composure as he endured the coarser attacks of the newspapers.

In 1827 and the two following years Dr. Bliss, a liberal minded bookseller of this city, published annually, at the season of the winter holidays, a small volume of miscellanies entitled the "Talisman." They were written almost exclusively by three authors; Mr. Verplanck, eminent in our literature and still fortunately spared to per-

form important public services; Robert C. Sands, a man of abounding wit, prematurely lost to the world of letters; and myself as the third contributor. For the volume which appeared in 1828 Halleck offered us one of his most remarkable poems, "Red Jacket," and I need not say how delighted we were to grace our collection by anything so vigorous, spirited and original. It was illustrated by an engraving from a striking full-length portrait of the old Indian chief, by the elder Wier, then in the early maturity of his powers as an artist.

After the publication of these poems there followed an interval of thirty-five years which is almost a blank in Halleck's literary history. Between 1828 and 1863 he seems to have produced nothing worthy of note except the additions which he made to his poem of Connecticut in an edition published by Redfield in 1852, and these are fully worthy of his reputation. It is almost unaccountable that an author, still in the highest strength of his faculties, who had written to such acceptance, should not have been tempted to write more for a public which he knew was eager to read whatever came from his pen. "When an author begins to be quoted," said Halleck once to me, "he is already famous." Halleck found that he was quoted, but he was not a man to go on writing because the world seemed to expect it. It was only in 1863, when he was already seventy-three years of age, that he wrote for the *New York Ledger* his "Young America," a poem, which, though not by any means to be placed among his best, contains, as Mr. Cozzens, in a paper read before this society, justly remarks, passages which remind us of his earlier vigor and grace.

Yet, if in that interval he did not occupy himself with poetic composition, he gave much of his leisure to the poetry of others. I have never known any one, I think, who seemed to take so deep a delight in the poetry that perfectly suited his taste. He transcribed it; he read it over and over; he dwelt upon it until every word of it became engraven upon his memory; he recited it with glistening eyes and a voice and frame tremulous with emotion. Mr. F. S. Cozzens has sent me a scrap of paper on which he had copied a passage of eight lines of verse; and under them had written these sentences: "I find these verses in an album. Do you know the writer? I would give a hundred pounds sterling payable out of any money in my treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be capable of writing the two last lines."

I was most agreeably surprised as well as

flattered, the other day, to receive from General Wilson, who has collected the poetical writings of Halleck, and is engaged in preparing his *Life and Letters* for the press, a copy of the poet's handwriting of some verses of mine entitled "The Planting of the Appletree," which he had taken the pains to transcribe, and which General Wilson had heard him repeat from memory in his own fine manner.

Halleck loved to ramble in the country, for the most part, I believe, alone. Once he did me the favor to make me his companion. It was while the region from Hoboken to Fort Lee was yet but thinly sprinkled with habitations, and the cliffs which overlook the river on its western bank had lain in forest from the time that Hendrick Hudson entered the great stream which bears his name. We were on a slow-going steamer, which we left at the landing of Bull's Ferry. "Do you not go on with us, Mr. Halleck?" asked the Captain. "No," was the answer; "I am in a hurry." We walked on to Fort Lee, where we made a short stop at the house of a publican named Reynolds, who is mentioned in Duyckinck's memoir—an English radical, a man of no little mother wit, and a deep strong voice which he greatly loved to hear. Halleck had known him when he exercised his vocation in town, and took pleasure, I think, in hearing his ready rejoinders to the poet's praises of a monarchy and an established church; and Reynolds, proud of the acquaintance of so eminent a man as Halleck, received him with demonstrations of delight. We returned over the heights of Weehawken to look at the magnificent view so finely celebrated by Halleck in his *Fanny*, with its glorious bay, its beautiful isles, its grand headlands and its busy cities, the murmur of which was heard blending with the dash of waves at the foot of the cliff.

I have mentioned that Halleck was early a clerk in the office of Mr. Barker. He was afterwards employed in the same capacity by John Jacob Astor, the richest man of his day in New York, and exceedingly sagacious and fortunate in his enterprises. His term of employment by Mr. Astor came, however, to an end; and I think that he was then compelled by the narrowness of his means, to practise a rigid economy. He was of too independent a spirit to allow himself to be drawn into a situation which would incline him to keep out of the way of a creditor. He was an excellent accountant: I have a letter from one of his friends, speaking of his skill in difficult and intricate computations, in which Mr. Astor employed him with confi-

dence. Perhaps the habit of exactness in this vocation led to exactness in his dealings with all men. His example is an encouraging one for poets and wits, since it teaches that a lively fancy and practical good sense do not necessarily stand in each other's way. Somebody has called prudence a rascally virtue, and I have heard Halleck himself rail at it, and refer to Benjamin Franklin as a man who had acquired a false reputation by his dexterity in taking care of his own interests. But Halleck did not disdain to practise the virtue which he derided, and he knew, as well as Franklin himself, that prudence, in the proper sense of the term, is wisdom applied to the ordinary affairs of life; that it includes forecast, one of the highest operations of the intellect, and the due adjustment of means to ends, without which a man is useless both to himself and to society, except as a blunderer by whose example others may be warned.

I think it was some time after he had given up his clerkship that Mr. Astor left him a small legacy, to which the son, Mr. William B. Astor, made a liberal addition. Halleck then withdrew from the city in which he had passed forty years of his life to Guilford, his native place, in which the Eliots, his ancestors on the mother's side, had dwelt for nearly two centuries. Here in the household of an unmarried sister, older than himself and now living, he passed his later years among his books, with some infirmities of body, but with intellectual faculties still vigorous, his wit as keen and lively as when he wrote his *Epistle to the Recorder*, and his delight in the verses of his favorite poets and in the happy expression of generous sentiments as deeply felt and easily awakened as when he wrote his noble poem on *Woman*.

It was not far from the time of which I speak that some of Halleck's personal and literary friends gave him a dinner at the rooms of the Club called the *Century*. It fell to me to preside, and in toasting our guest I first spoke, in such terms as I was able to command, of the merits of his poetry, as occupying a place in our literature like the poetry of Horace in the literature of ancient Rome. I dwelt upon the playfulness and grace of his satire and the sweetness and fervor of his lyrical vein. Halleck answered very happily. "I do not rise to speak," he said, "for if I were to stand up I could say nothing. I must keep my seat and talk to you without ceremony." And then he went on, speaking modestly and charmingly of his own writings. I cannot, at this distance of time,

recollect how he treated the subject, but I well remember that he spoke so well that we could willingly have listened to him the whole evening.

It is now five and thirty years, the life of one of the generations of mankind, that I contributed to a weekly periodical published in this city, an estimate of the poetical genius of Halleck. Of course nobody now remembers having read it; and, as it was written after his most remarkable poems had been given to the public, and as I could say nothing different of them now, I will, with the leave of the audience, make it a part of this paper.

"Halleck is one of the most generally admired of all our poets, and he possesses, what no other does, a decided local popularity. He is the favorite poet of the city of New York, where his name is cherished with a peculiar fondness and enthusiasm. It furnishes a standing and ever-ready allusion to all who would speak of American literature, and is familiar in the mouths of hundreds who would be seriously puzzled if asked to name any other American poet. The verses of others may be found in the hands of persons who possess some tincture of polite literature — young men pursuing their studies, or young ladies with whom the age of romance is not past; but those of Halleck are read by people of the humblest degree of literary pretension, and are equally admired in Bond street and the Bowery. There are numbers who regularly attribute to his pen every anonymous poem in the newspapers in which an attempt at humor is evident, who 'know him by his style,' and whose delight at the supposed wit is heightened almost to transport by the self-complacency of having made the discovery. His reputation, however, is not injured by these mistakes, for the verses by which they are occasioned are soon forgotten, and his fame rests firmly on the compositions which are known to be his.

"This high degree of local popularity has for one of its causes the peculiar subjects of many of the poems of Halleck, relating as they do to persons and things and events with which everybody in New York is more or less acquainted; objects which are constantly before the eyes, and matters that are the talk of every fireside. The poems written by him, in conjunction with his friend, Doctor Drake, for the *Evening Post*, in the year 1819, under the signature of Croaker & Co., and the satirical poem of Fanny, are examples of this happy use of the familiar topics of the day. He will pardon this allusion to works which he has never publicly acknowledged, but which

are attributed to him by general consent, since, without them, we might miss some of the characteristics of his genius.

"Halleck's humorous poems are marked by an uncommon ease of versification, a natural flow and sweetness of language, and a careless, Horatian playfulness and felicity of jest, not, however, imitated from Horace or any other writer. He finds abundant matter for mirth in the peculiar state of our society, in the heterogeneous population of the city —

"Of every race the mingled swarm."

in the affectations of newly assumed gentility, the ostentation of wealth, the pretensions of successful quackery, and the awkward attempt to blend with the habits of trade an imitation of the manners of the most luxurious and fastidious nobility in the world — the nobility of England. Sometimes in the midst of a strain of harmonious diction and soft and tender imagery — so soft and tender that you willingly yield yourself up to the feeling of pathos, or to the sense of beauty it inspires — he surprises you with an irresistible stroke of ridicule,

"As if himself he did disdain,
And mock the form he did but feign;"

as if he looked with no regard upon the fair poetical vision he had raised, and took pleasure in showing the reader that it was but a cheat. Sometimes, the poet, with that aerial facility which is his peculiar endowment, accumulates graceful and agreeable images in a strain of irony so fine, that did not the subject compel you to receive it as irony, you would take it for a beautiful passage of serious poetry — so beautiful, that you are tempted to regret that he is not in earnest, and that phrases so exquisitely chosen, and poetic coloring so brilliant, should be employed to embellish subjects to which they do not properly belong. At other times he produces the effect of wit by dextrous allusions to contemporaneous events, introduced as illustrations of the main subject with all the unconscious gracefulness of the most animated and familiar conversation. He delights in ludicrous contrasts, produced by bringing the nobleness of the ideal world into comparison with the homeliness of the actual; the beauty and grace of Nature with the awkwardness of Art. He venerates the past and laughs at the present. He looks at them through a medium which lends to the former the charm of romance, and exaggerates the deformity of the latter.

"Halleck's poetry, whether serious or

sprightly, is remarkable for the melody of the numbers. It is not the melody of monotonous and strictly regular measurement. His verse is constructed to please an ear naturally fine, and accustomed to a wide range of metrical modulation. It is as different from that painfully-balanced versification, that uniform succession of iambs, closing the sense with the couplet, which some writers practise, and some critics praise, as the note of the thrush is unlike that of the cuckoo. Halleck is familiar with those general rules and principles which are the basis of metrical harmony; and his own unerring taste has taught him the exceptions which a proper attention to variety demands. He understands that the rivulet is made musical by obstructions in its channel. You will find in no poet passages which flow with a more sweet and liquid smoothness; but he knows very well that to make this smoothness perceived and to prevent it from degenerating into monotony occasional roughness must be interposed.

"But it is not only in humorous or playful poetry that Halleck excels. He has fire and tenderness, and manly vigor, and his serious poems are equally admirable with his satirical. What martial lyric can be finer than the verses on the death of Marco Bozzaris! We are made spectators of the slumbers of the Turkish oppressor, dreaming of 'victory in his guarded tent;' we see the Greek warrior ranging his true-hearted band of Suliotas in the forest shades; we behold them throwing themselves into the camp; we hear the shout, the groan, the sabre stroke, the death shot falling thick and fast, and in the midst of all, the voice of Bozzaris bidding them to strike boldly for God and their native land. The struggle is long and fierce; the ground is piled with Moslem slain; the Greeks are at length victorious; and as the brave chief falls bleeding from every vein, he hears the proud huzza of his surviving comrades, announcing that the field is won, and he closes his eyes in death,

"Calmly, as to a night's repose."

"This picture of the battle is followed by a dirge over the slain hero—a glorious outpouring of lyrical eloquence, worthy to have been chanted by Pindar or Tyrtæus over one of his ancestors. There is in this poem a freedom, a daring, a fervency, a rapidity, an affluence of thick-coming fancies, that make it seem like an inspired improvisation, as if the thoughts had been divinely breathed into the mind of the poet, and uttered themselves, voluntarily, in

poetic numbers. We think, as we read it, of

"—The large utterance of the early Gods."

"If an example is wanted of Halleck's capacity for subjects of a gentler nature, let the reader turn to the verses written in the album of an unknown lady, entitled 'Woman.' In a few brief lines he has gathered around the name of woman a crowd of delightful associations—all the graces of sex, delightful pictures of domestic happiness and domestic virtues, gentle affections, pious cares, smiles and tears, that bless and heal,

"And earth's lost paradise restored,
In the green bower of home."

"Red Jacket" is a poem of a yet different kind; a poem of manly vigor of sentiment, noble versification, strong expression, and great power in the delineation of character—the whole dashed off with a great appearance of freedom and delightfully tempered with the satirical vein of the author. Some British periodical lately published contains a criticism on American literature, in which it is arrogantly asserted that our poets have made nothing of the Indian character, and that Campbell's 'Outalissi' is altogether the best portraiture of the mind and manners of an American savage which is to be found in English verse. The critic must have spoken without much knowledge of his subject. He certainly could never have read Halleck's 'Red Jacket.' Campbell's 'Outalissi' is very well. He is 'a stoic of the woods,' and nothing more—an Epictetus, put into a blanket and leggins and translated to the forests of Pennsylvania, but he is no Indian. 'Red Jacket' is the very savage of our wilderness. 'Outalissi' is a fancy sketch of few lineaments. He is brave, faithful and affectionate, concealing these qualities under an exterior of insensibility. 'Red Jacket' has the spirit and variety of a portrait from nature. He has all the savage vices, and the rude and strong qualities of mind which belong to a warrior, a chief, and an orator of the aboriginal stock. He is set before us with sinewy limbs, gentle voice, motions graceful as a bird's in air, an air of command, inspiring deference; brave, cunning, cruel, vindictive, eloquent, skilful to dissemble, and terrible when the moment of dissembling is past, as the wild beasts or the tempests of his own wilderness.

"A poem which, without being the best he has written, unites many of the different qualities of Halleck's manner, is that enti-

tled 'Alnwick Castle.' The rich imagery, the airy melody of verse, the grace of language which belong to his serious poems, are to be found in the first half of the poem, which relates to the beautiful scenery and venerable traditions of the old home of the Percys; while the author's vein of gay humor, fertile in mirthful allusion, appears in the conclusion, in which he descends to the homely and peaceful occupations of its present proprietors.

"Whoever undertakes the examination of Halleck's poetical character will naturally wish for a greater number of examples from which to collect an estimate of his powers. He has given us only samples of what he can do. His verses are like passages of some noble choral melody, heard in the brief interval between the opening and shutting of the doors of a temple. Why does he not more frequently employ the powers with which he is so eminently gifted? He should know that such faculties are invigorated and enlarged and rendered obedient to the will by exercise. He need not be afraid of not equalling what he has already written. He will excel himself, if he applies his powers, with an earnest and resolute purpose, to the work which justice to his own fame demands of him. There are heroes of our own history who deserve to be embalmed for immortality, in strains as noble as those which celebrated the death of Marco Bozzaris; and Halleck has shown how powerfully he can appeal to our sense of patriotism, in his 'Field of the Grounded Arms,' a poem which has only been prevented from being universally popular by the peculiar kind of verse in which it is written."

This is what I wrote of Halleck thirty-five years ago. Since that time the causes which gave him a local popularity in New York have, in a measure, ceased to exist. A new generation has arisen to whom the persons and most of the things which were the objects of his playful satire are known but by tradition. Eminent poets have appeared in our country and acquired fame among us, and divided with him the attention and admiration of the public. His best things, however, are still admired, I think, as much as ever in the city which for the greater part of his life he made his abode.

Of his literary habits less is known than of those of most literary men of his time. During the latter years of his life, and I think for some time previous, he manifested but little inclination to go into society, on account, I believe, of a difficulty of hearing which made its appearance in middle life and

increased somewhat as he grew older. He did not like to make those with whom he was talking repeat what had been said, and often ingeniously contrived to keep up a spirited conversation when he was obliged to guess the words addressed to him. His leisure, we may presume — a good deal of it at least — was studiously passed, since his conversation showed that his reading was extensive, and his opinions of authors were always ready and promptly and decidedly expressed. I remember hearing him say that he could think of no more fortunate lot in life than the possession of a well-stored library with ample leisure for reading. He was not unskilled in the modern languages of Europe, and once he said to me that he had learned Portuguese in order that he might read the *Lusiad* in the original. That poem, in Mickle's translation, is as little like the work of Camoens as Pope's *Iliad* is like the *Iliad* of Homer. Mickle has made it declamatory where Camoens is simple, and all the rapidity of the narrative is lost in the diffuse verses of the translator.

Halleck was fortunate in a retentive verbal memory, and recited fine passages from other poets with great spirit and feeling. He could not, as he remarked, remember what he did not like, and only chose to dwell upon such as combined a certain melody of versification with beauty of thought. "There is no poetry," he was wont to say, "without music. It must have the grace of rhythm and cadence." He was not quite satisfied with much of the poetry of the present day. "He thought," says Mr. Tuckerman, "that much of current verse was the offspring of ingenuity rather than inspiration — that sentiment often lost its wholesome fervor in diluted or perverse utterance." I, too, have heard him object to the elaborately beautiful verse of a popular English poet, that it was not manly, and to that of an English poetess of great and original genius, that it was not womanly. He delighted in great or affecting thoughts given with a transparent clearness of expression, and where he found obscurity, vagueness or harshness he withheld his admiration.

He was fond of maintaining unexpected opinions, which he often did with much ingenuity and art. He argued in favor of a monarchy and an Established Church. "The ship of state," he used to say, "must be governed and navigated like any other ship, without consulting the crew. What would become of the staunchest bark in a gale, if the captain were obliged to call all hands together and say, 'All you who are in favor of taking in sail will please to say,

Aye!" Before he left New York he began to declare his preference of the Roman Catholic Church over other denominations of Christians, though his manner of stating the argument in its favor might not perfectly satisfy its friends. "It is a church," he was wont to say, "which saves you a deal of trouble. You leave your salvation to the care of a class of men trained and set apart for the purpose; they have the charge both of your belief and your practice, and as long as you satisfy them on these points you need give yourself no anxiety about either." It was difficult always to be certain how far he was in earnest when he talked on these subjects.

On one occasion his habit of maintaining unusual opinions in a manner between jest and earnest had a consequence which his friends regretted. Seth Cheney, the estimable artist who died in 1856, drew portraits of the size of life, in crayon, using no colors, with extraordinary skill in transferring to the sheet before him the finest and most elevated expression of which the countenance of his sitter was capable. He always wrought with a certain creative enthusiasm like that of the poet. His best portraits, at the same time that they are good likenesses, have something angelic in their aspect. It is told of Dana the poet, that after looking with wonder at one of these drawings, the likeness of a lady more eminent for goodness than for beauty, he said: "It is our friend as she will be at the resurrection." Cheney could never bring himself to receive as sitters those for whom he did not entertain a decided respect, and for that reason declined to take the likeness of certain men distinguished in public life. Halleck once sat to him, but the artist found the frame of mind which he brought to his task disturbed by the free and sportive manner in which his sitter spoke of certain grave matters, and one morning when Halleck came as usual Cheney said to him: "I have finished your likeness." "You have been expeditious," said the poet. "Yes," returned Cheney, "I put it into the fire this morning." That was the last of Halleck's sitting to Cheney; but if the poet had not jested so unseasonably we should probably have had one of Cheney's finest heads, for Halleck, with his beaming countenance, was a capital subject for such an artist.

Halleck was much besieged, as authors of note, particularly poets, are apt to be, with applications from persons desirous of appearing in print, to read their manuscript verses and give his opinion of their merits. I have heard him say that he never turned

them away with an unfriendly answer. I suppose that, regarding poets as a sensitive tribe, keenly alive to unfavorable criticism, he spared them as much as he could, though I doubt very much whether they obtained from him any opinion worth the trouble they had taken. If what I write should fall under the eye of any persons of either sex poetically inclined and ambitious of renown, I would strongly advise them against sending their verses to a poet for his judgment. In the first place, it does not follow that because he passes for a poet, he is therefore a competent critic; in the second place, they may be sure that he will have little time to look at their verses; and thirdly, he will naturally be so desirous to treat their case tenderly, that his opinion will be of little value. I have always counselled persons of this class, if they must come before the public, not to seek the opinion of individuals, but to get their verses printed in the periodicals that will accept them, and thus appeal to the reading world at large, which is the only proper judge of poetic merit.

The conversation of Halleck was remarkably sprightly and pointed. If there had been any friend to take note of what he said, a volume of his pithy and pleasant sayings might have been compiled, as entertaining as anything of the kind which has appeared since Boswell's Johnson. His letters were of a like character with his familiar talk, and were full of playful turns and witty allusions.

He reached a good old age, dying on the 19th of November, 1867, at the age of seventy-seven. Towards the latter part of his life he was subject to a painful disease, from which he seems to have suffered only in occasional paroxysms, since it was but a few days before his death that he wrote to his friend Mr. Verplanck, saying that he would like to meet his old friends in New York at dinner at some old-fashioned place, such as Windust's, and that he would like his younger friend Mr. F. S. Cozzens to make the arrangements for the purpose. His wish, so far as depended on his friends here, was about to be fulfilled, when in the midst of their preparations they were shocked by the news of his death.

He was spared the suffering which is the lot of many to whom, in their departure from this life, are appointed long days and nights of pain. To him might be applied with tolerable truth the lines of Milton:

"So shalt thou live, till like ripe fruit thou drop
Into thy mother's lap, or be with ease
Gathered, not harshly plucked, for death ma-
ture."

But the lines which follow soon after these do not describe the old age of Halleck,

— "and for the air of youth,
Hopeful and cheerful, in thy blood will reign
A melancholy damp of cold and dry
To weigh thy spirits down," —

since he retained to the last the vivacious faculties and quick emotions of his earlier life. His age was not unvisited by the warnings which usually accompany that season of life, but his death was easy, and his last hours were solaced by the affectionate cares of that sister to whose side he had returned when he saw the shadows of the hills lengthen across his path in the evening sunshine.

When I look back upon Halleck's literary life I cannot help thinking that if his death had happened forty years earlier, his life would have been regarded as a bright morning prematurely overcast. Yet Halleck's literary career may be said to have ended then. All that will hand down his name to future years had already been produced. Who shall say to what cause his subsequent literary inaction was owing? It was not the decline of his powers; his brilliant conversation showed that it was not. Was it, then, indifference to fame? Was it because he put an humble estimate on what he had written, and therefore resolved to write no more? Was it because he feared lest what he might write would be unworthy of the reputation he had been so fortunate as to acquire?

I have my own way of accounting for his literary silence in the latter half of his life. One of the resemblances which he bore to Horace consisted in the length of time for which he kept his poems by him that he might give them the last and happiest touches. He had a tenacious verbal memory, and having composed his poems without committing them to paper, he revised them in the same manner, murmuring them to himself in his solitary moments, recovering the enthusiasm with which they were first conceived, and in this state of mind heightening the beauty of the thought or of the expression. I remember that once in crossing Washington Park I saw Halleck before me and quickened my pace to overtake him. As I drew near I heard him crooning to himself what seemed to be lines of verse, and as he threw back his hands in walking I perceived that they quivered with the feeling of the passage he was reciting. I instantly checked my pace and fell back, out of reverence for the mood of inspiration which seemed to be upon him, and fearful

lest I should intercept the birth of a poem destined to be the delight of thousands of readers.

In this way I suppose Halleck to have attained the gracefulness of his diction, and the airy melody of his numbers. In this way I believe that he wrought up his verses to that transparent clearness of expression which causes the thought to be seen through them without any interposing dimness, so that the thought and the phrase seem one, and the thought enters the mind like a beam of light. I suppose that Halleck's time being taken up by the tasks of his vocation, he naturally lost by degrees the habit of composing in this manner, and that he found it so necessary to the perfection of what he wrote that he adopted no other in its place.

Whatever was the reason that Halleck ceased so early to write, let us congratulate ourselves that he wrote at all. Great authors often overlay and almost smother their own fame by the voluminousness of their writings. So great is their multitude, and so rich is the literature of our language, that for frequent reading we are obliged to content ourselves with mere selections from the works of the best and most beloved of our poets, even those who have not written much. It is only a few of their works that dwell and live in the general mind. Gray, for example, wrote little, and of that little only one short poem, his "Elegy," can be fairly said to survive in the public admiration, and that poem I have sometimes heard called the most popular in our language.

In what I have written it will be seen that I have principally limited myself to what I personally knew of Halleck. I merely designed to add my humble tribute to those which sorrowing hands had laid on his grave. Our friend is gone, and to those of us who knew him the world seems the dimmer for his departure. The light of that bright eye is quenched; its socket is filled with dust; that voice is heard no more in lively sallies of wit, or repeating in tones full of emotion the verses of the poets whom he loved. When such a man, a man of so bright and active an intellect, dies, the short period of our existence on earth, even when prolonged to old age, presses sadly on the mind; and we instinctively seek relief in the doctrine of the soul's immortality. We ask ourselves how that conscious intelligence, of which our bodily organs are manifestly so imperfect a medium, can be resolved along with them into the grosser elements of which they are compounded; how a mind so creative, so keenly alive to the beauty of God's works, and so

wonderfully dextrous in combining the materials which these works supply into forms which have in them somewhat of that transcendent beauty, can fail to partake of the endless existence of the Divinity whom it

thus imitates. We connect the creative in man with the imperishable and undying, and reverently trust the spirit to the compassionate cares of Him who breathed it into the human frame.

PAU AND THE SPANISH COURT.—Society in Pau is divided into two great bodies, which are separated by a rather sharp line of demarcation. On one side are the English, who associate together to the exclusion of all foreigners; and on the other the French, Russians, and Americans, who fraternize with one another, and form a society much more agreeable to my mind than that of the English. There are a few delightful houses where all the nationalities can mix together on a friendly footing. A great number of Russians visit Pau during the winter, and they and the Americans are attracted to each other by an unaccountable sympathy. The very antipathy of the principles by which Russian and American public and social life are regulated seems only to draw the two peoples more closely together. I think, however, that the fellow-feeling between them is merely superficial. It arises from political transactions which are a puzzle to most of us. The Americans and Russians far surpass the English in the *luxe* of their entertainments. The toilettes of their ladies are extravagant to a degree of which few Englishwomen can form an idea. A Russian lady who received the English last year ceased to send them invitations after her first ball. "The women were so shabby that they spoiled the room," was her excuse. The great sin of Pau society, of every class and nationality, is its addictiveness to tittle-tattle and scandal. In this beautiful southern town people have no serious pursuits to occupy them, and the one unfailing and universal resource is gossip. Nobody has anything to do except to talk of his or her neighbours, and under these favourable conditions the arts of gossiping and scandal-mongering have been carried to a perfection unknown in the busy circles of our northern isle. It is the same in every southern town much frequented by strangers. In all such places everybody's business seems to be to talk of everybody else, and not always in the most charitable or truthful terms. There are some who have spent the best part of a lifetime at this work, and they are adepts whose proficiency is truly wonderful; by the long labour of years they have wrought themselves into a sort of marvellously complete machine for the spontaneous production of news about everybody. The news is not always true, nor always edifying, but it is none the worse for that. A few old people are to be found in every winter station to whom gossip—all the better if it is scandalous—is as the breath of their nostrils. They are mostly pious old maids, and they have al-

ways at hand phials of the *nigra succus loliginis*, with which they delight to blacken the snowiest reputations. Artists of the same class are of course to be found in some favourably-circumstanced English towns, but the Napoleonic dictum holds true of the scandal-mongering gossip no less than of the warrior; it is opportunity that reveals the latent capacity of the man—or in this case I should rather say, the woman. Now, in Pau there is a wealth of opportunity such as rarely falls to the lot of mortals; rich idle people are gathered together there from every quarter of the globe, and most of them seem to think that the fact of being in a strange country entitles them to a license they would never be allowed at home. Accordingly a considerable number of reputations are compromised every season.

Tinsley's Magazine.

HARPER'S HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. By W. Pembroke Fetridge. Seventh year. (Harper: New York. Sampson Low and Co.)—It is difficult to estimate the value of a book like this. Who knows enough about the hundreds of places to which it professes to guide the traveller to be able to test the accuracy and usefulness of its information? Some sort of test is supplied by what we find the writer, who is an American, saying about England. This is not always quite accurate. He states, for instance, that the Martyrs' memorial at Oxford stands opposite Balliol, on the spot where the martyrs were burnt. Yet the book is, for all practical purposes, a safe guide; tells the traveller what he ought to see, and gives him good advice about journeys, hotels, &c.; and it seems complete, if we may judge from such inspection as we have been able to give. We turned to the article "Nile," and found what seems a very practical and useful summary of what should be known by the traveller who wishes to ascend the river; as, for instance, what is charged in the steamers that run as far as Assouan, what is the cost of a private boat as far as the First and as far as the Second Cataract, &c., and the information appears recent. In shape and size the book is most convenient. It has the pocket-book form, and puts the substance of twenty handbooks into an octavo volume not too large to be conveniently carried.

Spectator.

From The Pall Mall Gazette, 23 Jan.
THE MILITARY SPIRIT IN FRANCE.

THERE are many indications that, notwithstanding the vast military establishments of France, the military spirit is declining among the people. If Arthur Young could go through the country again he would no longer report crowds of peasants carrying small drums home to their children from fair and market. The march of intelligence, the increase of material comforts, easy communication between different points of the empire and with foreign countries, a love of wealth which means attention to business and trade, the teaching of the Liberal party, which hates the despotism of the sword, and the influence of such works as those of Erckmann-Chatrian, Pierrat, D'Haussonville, Tenot, Taxile Delord, Rochefort, and the brilliant volumes of Lanfrey, have done much to subdue the warlike spirit of the Gaul and render him more tractable. His historians have at length commenced to write the real history of the wars of the First Empire, and to deal freely with the character of Napoleon, and deep is the impression which has been made on the public mind. The other day a writer in a French paper declared that, on laying down Lanfrey, he felt ashamed of the Column of Vendôme. The theatre is a pretty good test of the bent of a nation, and for the last ten years the soldier has been gradually disappearing from the French stage—he has passed from the hero to the buffoon, and General Boum has girded on the sword of Napoleon. The soldier held the theatre a good many years. Napoleon started him to excite his legions against the English; he had pieces such as "Une Matinée au Camp, ou les Petits Bateaux," written expressly for the army at Boulogne, and the famous "chant du départ" echoed from one end of the camp to the other. But the heyday of the French soldier only came after Waterloo and when he appeared in the comedies of the Restoration. In those days of feverish reaction, when the government imposed on France by the allies was attacking the liberties of the nation, the soldier of Napoleon became the popular hero, and though he had been an instrument of the most absolute despotism he was held up as a liberal. Scribe peopled his comedies with officers of various grades, all young, handsome, and brave from the subaltern to the colonel, each ready to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth in order to obtain the favours of his mistresses. It would be difficult for an audience to keep its countenance to-day whilst listening to young Captain Adolphe asking young Colonel de Gondre-

vile to persuade his sister to have patience till after the first battle, and then advancing to the footlights and singing in a soft and martial strain such couplets as these:—

En prononçant le nom d'Elise,
Tous deux gaiement nous chargeons l'ennemi.
Il est battu, la ville est prise,
Je suis blessé, dieu merci! (bis)
Qu'une blessure rend amiable!
Quel intérêt je lui vais inspirer!
Un bras de moins, je puis tout espérer. . . .
Et qui sait même? Un boulet favorable
Peut m'emporter et me faire adorer.

Scribe afterwards attempted to combat the fashion he had helped to create. The shop-boys whom he ridiculed for the manner in which they wore their moustache and buttoned up their frock coats in order to ape the old soldier, assembled night after night to hiss his squib, and soon drove it from the stage. Scribe went back to his old gods. He married a simple sergeant with a bald pate and a wooden leg to a blooming young girl of sweet sixteen, and no one considered the pair ill suited because the sergeant had fought at Austerlitz. This same piece, admirably performed, was tried at the Gymnase three years ago, but the wooden leg had lost its former charm. However, in the days when Scribe was king, a kind of constitutional monarch who had to follow the bent of his subjects, the prestige of the uniform was such that anything was permitted the old soldier; he could sing of his success with women, of the flagons of wine he had tossed off, and conclude a list of his peccadilloes with such rollicking verse as this:—

Nous, nous disions nous autres chenapans :
Ces pechés-là, je puis me les permettre.
Pour m'en repentir, j'ai le temps
Ou je n'en pourrai plus commettre.

One of the first pieces which brought the soldier into disfavour on the stage was the "Chandelier" of Alfred de Musset, who painted a cold-hearted seducer in a garrison town contrasting unfavourably with a draper's assistant; but by this time the public was getting heartily sick of Romeos who were fathers and Don Juans who suffered terribly from rheumatism, and were quite prepared for the engineers of Legouvé, Feuillet, and Sardou, and the young barrister whose prospects were brilliant under the parliamentary régime. That the day should have gone by when "Allons! messieurs, à cheval," and "Soldats, je suis content de vous," sent a thrill through a French audience must in some measure be attributed to the correspondents who followed the armies in the last campaigns. Under the First

Empire the sufferings of the soldier were concealed under busbels of laurels and the blare and rattle of military music drowned his groans. But the correspondents who wrote home from the Crimea and Italy touched the national fibre in another manner by detailing the horrors of war. Neither the Crimean nor the Italian campaign excited more than a temporary enthusiasm, and they gave rise to but few "pièces de circonstance." The Crimean plays were only rendered popular by the appearance of the hated Cossack. But since the conclusion of peace with Austria the military drama, even accompanied by splendid scenic effect, has met with no success. Even the *Vengeur* sank nightly at the Châtelet, in presence of a supremely indifferent audience, till it sank to rise no more, after a very short run. The fact is the critics exposed the whole imposture before the piece appeared, and revealed to the public how the captain of the *Vengeur* had breakfasted with the English admiral, instead of going to the bottom to the tune of the "Marseillaise." When Hugelmann presented his "Nouveau Cid," the sight of a general's staff, feathers, and maps was

quite sufficient to excite the hilarity of pit and gallery, and precipitate the fall of his piece. We are told that the uniform has still an imposing effect in the provinces; and, in fact, we find in "Maitre Guérin" an obstinate peasant overcome by the sight of his son (whom he had always treated as a scapegrace), when he appeared in full regimentals as a colonel. But the provinces are rapidly catching the tone of the city, as M. Francisque Sarcy remarks in the interesting series of articles from which we have borrowed most of our illustrations. "Theodorus" is now being played at Paris, but it is wholly sustained by the ballet, the Abyssinian scenery, and stuffed lions. The British soldier in his red uniform, being somewhat of a novelty, is tolerated and, strange to say, applauded. Some of the episodes of the Mexican campaign might have furnished matter for a popular drama in other days, but the subject has been left untouched, out of deference to the tastes of the epoch. Military pieces appear to have been banished by common consent to the hippodrome, the circus, and the national theatres set up on the Emperor's fête day on the Trocadero.

DR. FRITSCH deserves an honorable place among the German travellers who have recently done so much to extend our knowledge of the earth. If the scope of his researches has been less extensive than in the case of Barth and Bastian, and if the subject of his investigations lacks novelty in comparison with theirs, he has the merit of equal diligence, and the recommendation of a much less ponderous method of treatment, and a more attractive style. The present work, indeed, but imperfectly represents the extent of his inquiries, as he has had the discretion to withhold the mass of scientific detail which could only confuse the general reader. His ethnographical observations will form the subject of a separate work, and the details of medicine and zoology have already made their appearance in various scientific journals. The volume as we have it is a circumstantial but agreeable narrative of various expeditions, in the course of which the author traversed the greater part of the Cape Colony, the Dutch Free States, and Natal. The last named colony is his favourite, and he seems to presage a brilliant future for it. It is one of those few fortunate regions which are equally favourable to European constitutions and to tropical products. Want of labour is the great ob-

stacle to its prosperity at present, and the consequent introduction of Indian coolies promises to lead to a singular mixture of races. The Cape Colony finds less favour with the traveller, who seems to think it within the bounds of possibility that the country may be gradually becoming a desert. At all events, the great uncertainty and unequal distribution of rain are most serious obstacles to agriculture, and the probable destiny of the country is to be an enormous sheepwalk. Dr. Fritsch speaks very favourably of the English settlers, and declares that the colony would have merely vegetated without them. The retreat of the Dutch Boers into the independent republics which they have established in the interior he regards as occasioned by no oppression, but simply by their inability to exist alongside of the more enterprising race. The abolition of slavery by the English, and their humane regulations for the protection of the natives, were highly offensive to the Boers. The work is beautifully and profusely illustrated with coloured plates after sketches and woodcuts taken from photographs, both of which give a lively idea of the very characteristic scenery of South Africa.

Saturday Review.

From The British Quarterly Review.
LITERARY FORGERIES.*

If the mines of France are not so prolific as those of England, she abounds far more than we do in the raw material out of which history is composed. No sooner does a prince or some otherwise distinguished personage die, than the world is favoured with glimpses into the arcana of his private life. We learn how the hero drank his coffee, how he bullied his valet-de-chambre, with what terms of anger or endearment he used to irritate or assuage his wife, in what way he paid his debts, or devolved that unpleasant duty upon his executors. All his letters are produced, down to the last scrap on which he scrawled his rendezvous in the Bois or his 'invite' to dinner; but with a delicacy which the bucolic reader rarely fails to appreciate, the names of the parties favoured with his correspondence are invariably omitted, unless indeed the great man died some century ago, when this little secret is confided to the public with gushing familiarity. There are few people of any notoriety in France who have not, before their ashes are cold in the family vault, their 'mémoires pour servir,' &c., their 'autobiographies secrètes,' or their 'lettres inédites,' flung upon the world. In Voltaire's case, the public were not allowed to wait till he was in his grave. His private letters were printed with Geneva on the title-page, and the Queen of Sweden, the Elector Palatine, the King of Poland and Prussia, were assigned to him as correspondents. Voltaire in such good com-

pany could afford to be facetious; he therefore had recourse to the old epigram —

'Voilà donc mes lettres secrètes,
Si secrètes que pour lecteur,
Elles n'ont que leur imprimeur,
Et ces messieurs qui les ont faites.'

So great is the demand for this article in France, that there is a regular manufactory like that of the Gobelins to suit the craving, which appears to be as keen for fabricated pictures in letters, as for the same sort of thing in tapestry. There is scarcely a season without some wonderful discovery being made in which old characters are placed in a new light, or new characters in some unexpected situation. Even the private papers of foreign magnates are brought to light by French collectors, no less abundantly than those of their own. We have letters of Christina, ex-Queen of Sweden, as well as of Madame de Maintenon, of Père la Chaise, of Madame de Pompadour, and of Ninon d'Enclos. The political testaments of Mazarine, Richelieu, Louvois, Colbert, and Louis XIV., were not sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of the French people. Emboldened by the favour with which these dubious wares were received by a too confiding public, French editors brought out the will of Peter the Great, the political testament of Alberoni, of our own Walpole, and of Bolingbroke. It is consolatory to think that, if Englishmen know little of the legacy their leading statesmen have bequeathed to posterity, their French neighbours make up for their deficiency in this respect by supplying them with the knowledge at second-hand.

The matter would perhaps be of little importance, if the confiding credulity which works of this class command were confined to rustic readers, or to the exclusive patrons of sensational literature. But many of them, as so much genuine raw material, are incorporated by grave historians into the substance of their works. We do not seek to palliate the errors of the Regency: it is undoubtedly the most degenerate page of degenerate France; but we are certain that the worst vices of Philip d'Orleans and Louis XV. have been fearfully exaggerated by the autobiographies and letters ascribed to Madame du Barri, Cardinal Dubois, and the Duchesse de Pompadour. These documents were doubtless founded on the distorted rumours of the period; but instead of bringing these rumours within just limits, they only seasoned them with a still stronger spice of sensational depravity. We are sometimes startled out of our propriety by finding the names of French

* (1). *Correspondance inédite de Marie Antoinette, publiée après les Documents Originaux.* Par le COMTE PAUL VOGT D'HUNOLSTEIN. Paris: Denton. 1864.

(2). *The Shelley Letters. With Introduction.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Moxon. 1858.

(3). *Mémoires sur Voltaire et sur ses Ouvrages.* Par LONGCHAMP ET WAGNIERE, les Secrétaires, suivis de divers écrits inédits de la Marquise du Châtelet, relatifs à Voltaire. 2 Tomes. Paris. 1826.

(4). *Chatterton. An Essay.* By DR. MAITLAND. Rivingtons. 1852.

(5). *Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.* Edited by Mr. MOY THOMAS. Bohn. 1863.

(6). *The Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian.* By PETER MACNAUGHTEN. Edinburgh: MacLachlan and Stewart. 1861.

(7). *Ossian.* Translated into English verse. With an Introduction and an Account of the Harp in the Highlands. Edinburgh: Adam and Charles Black. 1858.

(8). *Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court in the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I., from the original office books of the Masters and Yeomen.* With an Introduction and Notes. By PETER CUNNINGHAM. Printed from the Shakespeare Society. 1842.

(9). *An Inquiry into the Genuineness of the MS. corrections in Mr. Payne Collier's Annotated Shakespeare, folio, 1632.* By N. F. HAMILTON. Bentley. 1860.

abbés on the back of books, the leading object of which is to sow the seeds of prof ligacy and infidelity rank through the world. Jean Baptiste de Mirabaud was a pious, inoffensive priest, remarkable for nothing except his religious credulity. For this very reason, Diderot and D'Holbach thought it excellent fun to father on him a work which became the Gospel of French scepticism. 'Le Système de la Nature' still circulates under the priest's name, conveying the impression that, during the times of the Regency, men whose profession it was to preserve the altar, did their utmost to pull it down. In a similar spirit, Diderot and his colleagues sent forth their work, entitled 'Les Voyages des deux Indes,' under the name of Abbé Raynal, though the Abbé had no more to do with that publication than with the writing of the 'Talmud.' But having been long in India, it was thought that his name would increase the sale of the book, while his robe would palliate among the orthodox many of the new opinions with which they were striving to inoculate their countrymen. About the same period, an infamous work, entitled, 'De Arcanis Amoris,' was issued under the respected name of 'Johannes Meursius.' The friends of Johannes protested, but to little purpose. The work bears the name of Londini on the title-page, to show that the publication of such licentious turpitude must be regarded as one of the blessings of a country which enjoys the advantages of a free press.

If this sort of literature passes current in France, we really cannot wonder that it should pass unchallenged in this country. One of the most striking instances of this participation in Gallic credulity is afforded by a memoir of Voltaire, alleged to have been written by Longchamp, who is dubbed his secretary, but who in reality held no higher place than a superior *laquais de place*. He used to look after Madame Dennis's trunks, pay Voltaire's bills, and occasionally copy his letters. But being found unfaithful to his interests, Longchamp was dismissed Voltaire's service, and not finding any one to employ him in a similar capacity, he opened a shop for the sale of maps. It is evident anything emanating from so dubious a quarter ought to be received with grave suspicion; for putting aside Longchamp's want of integrity, he was no more competent to write memoirs than is the average greengrocer to deliver lectures upon botany.

But the nature of the work is calculated not merely to arouse suspicion, but to awaken the most profound distrust. The

principal period embraced by the memoir extends from 1745 to 1753, that is, the eight years Voltaire spent with Madame du Chatelet at Cirey and Luneville. The morale of the story would even shock ears accustomed to the worst revelations of our divorce court. Voltaire's relation with the lady is not only of a criminal character, but an acquaintance (Col. Lambert) is introduced, with Voltaire's full acquiescence, as a participator in the adultery. The Marquis du Chatelet spends nearly all his time in the fashionable dissipations of Paris, nor does he appear at all on the scene unless when it is necessary for the purposes of the guilty parties, who bring him to Cirey much for the same purpose as David brought Uriah to Jerusalem. Now all this is told with the utmost particularity of detail,—in fact, with a minuteness of circumstantiality which leads the reader to suppose that Longchamp describes nothing but what he saw, and that wherever the marquise was with her two lovers, there Longchamp was in the midst of them. Even when conversation is introduced, Longchamp discards oblique narration, and, as the gossiping historian of Greece, makes his puppets speak in the first person. Now even could it be proved that Longchamp wrote this memoir, very little dependence should be placed upon its truthfulness, for it is most improbable that any of the parties concerned could have made a confidant of a domestic servant: yet this work, so open to suspicion on all sides, and which, if Longchamp had written it, could only have been the fruit of eaves-dropping, is quoted by Carlyle no less than by his imitator, Espinasse, as an actual transcript of the truth.

But it is our belief that Longchamp no more wrote the memoir than that he wrote the Iliad. A menial servant does not carry a note-book about his person, like Boswell, to register his master's doings with a view to transmit them to posterity. The editor admits that Longchamp could not write French without frequent violation of the laws of grammar. He had therefore to correct his mistakes, and frequently transpose his sentences, in order to present a consecutive narrative to the reader. In other words, Longchamp's memoir had to undergo considerable alterations before it could be presented to the literary world. But what became of the original MS.? Concerning this the editor is silent. He tells us that Longchamp survived his master fourteen years. He must therefore have died somewhere about 1792. The editor of course knew him, and got the

MS. from him, before his death. But here arise two very pertinent questions. If Longchamp was determined to make a Boswell of himself, why did he not give the fruit of his labours to the world, at a time when the world was full of his master's fame, and when the venture would have brought him more money in one week than his map-shop in the course of a dozen years? Why should so thrifty an economist as Longchamp appears to have been, give himself all the trouble in order that a mere acquaintance should reap all the profit? But even if these queries can be satisfactorily met, there is another riddle of a far more Sphinxlike character. Longchamp's memoir first saw the light in 1826. It is published, sandwich-like, between Wagniere's 'reminiscences of Voltaire,' and certain 'lettres inédites,' of President Henault and Madame du Châtelet. What shall we think of an editor who, having got so great a prize in his possession, keeps it locked up in his desk for thirty years, and even then does not produce it alone for the edification of the public?

There is, however, one little circumstance in the affair which may serve to show how these memoirs have arisen, and which the editor explains in such a manner as to discredit their authenticity. Duvernet published his memoirs of Voltaire in 1806. Now these contain much of the scandal in an anecdotal form which in Longchamp's memoir is woven into an historical narrative. The editor, of course, throws the fullest light on this coincidence. He knew Duvernet was engaged in writing memoirs of Voltaire; he therefore magnanimously lent him Longchamp's papers to make use of, as he thought proper. Duvernet skimmed the cream from Longchamp's narrative, and returned the MS. with the usual French profusion of thanks. Duvernet, of course, was in his grave when this extraordinary explanation was given, leaving no guarantee of its truthfulness beyond the editor's word. For our part, we don't believe it. Editors, who have valuable papers in their possession, are not so liberal as to entrust them to others, for the purpose of having the marrow extracted, that they may be left in possession of only the bones. The most reasonable account of the matter appears to be that Duvernet derived his anecdotes from the scandals of the period, which, embalmed in his pages, have been subsequently dished up in the form of a regular narrative, and ascribed to Longchamp. At least this is the account we must cling to, until something better is vouchsafed to us, than that which

attaches to one not printed for three-quarters of a century after it is written, though manifestly drawn up, if the story be true, for immediate publication.

The fabricators of spurious documents having made so much capital out of the Regency, it was not likely the period of the Revolution would be allowed to pass without some attempt being made to turn it to account. Accordingly we have two volumes of 'Correspondance Politique et Confidentielle inédite de Louis XVI., avec des observations par Helen Williams,' published in Paris, at the commencement of the present century. At the Restoration this work reappeared under the title of 'Louis XVI. peint par lui-même.' Doubtless our ingenious countrywoman, Helen Williams, thought the letters authentic, and in an hour of unsuspecting confidence recommended them to the attention of the world. They were, however, written by Balie, in his days of misery, with 'Sulpice de la Platière.' The imitation, though in other respects well sustained by the writer, contains a number of new words, such as *démoralization*, *arrière-pensée*, *idées libérales*, which were coined by the later revolutionists, and which expressed wants and ideas not in vogue in Louis's time. When suspicions as to the authenticity of the work were aroused by phrases of this character, and the originals were demanded, it was alleged that the MS. had been confiscated by the police of the empire. This work, which dropped out of notice for a time, has been revived within the last six years for the special enlightenment of ourselves. The labours, however, of Miss Williams have been rather ungallantly thrust aside to make way for a more ponderous introduction by M. Chauvelot. But in the last reprint of the work, four years ago, M. Chauvelot has likewise had to succumb to fate, his introduction having been replaced by a history of Louis from an anonymous pen. The title of the work is changed for 'Euvres de Louis XVI. précédées d'une lettre de M. Berryer,' whose name, much to the chagrin of that gentleman, is paraded in the title-page, with a view to invest the publication with an air of legitimacy. The editor placed in the number of the works of Louis his pretended reflections and conversations with Madame Vanguyon, previously published in 1851, as the reflections of Louis XVI. Thus fabrication was added to fabrication, in the belief, we suppose, that the two falsehoods would keep each other in countenance.

The letters of Louis XVI. would, of

course, be incomplete without a companion collection of Marie Antoinette's to place on the same shelf. The public were, therefore, in 1864, treated to a series of her autograph letters, by Count d'Hunolstein, almost simultaneously with the *œuvres* of her husband. As the period which these letters embrace extends from 1770 deep into 1792, it is not surprising that the Parisian world felt much interest in the work, or that it passed through three editions in the course of six months. While Hunolstein was raising the curtain on the private boudoir of the charming but unfortunate queen, M. Feuillet de Conches, a gentleman in the French Foreign Office, well known for his artistic tastes and Napoleonic tendencies, published three more volumes of letters, mostly from the same royal pen, and extending over the same period. The editor assures his readers that he had been twenty years collecting his MSS. from the different archives of Europe, to which his position at the Foreign Office had given him access. To show that he had cautiously avoided everything of a spurious character, he shakes his head at the 'lettres inédites' of Louis XVI. introduced by our friend Helen Williams, with the air of a man who, while he vends sound wares, advises his friends to beware of counterfeits. Hence the public devoured M. Feuillet de Conches' volumes even more eagerly than those of Hunolstein; and the authenticity of both would have continued unchallenged, had not Alfred von Arneth published a collection of ninety-three letters of Marie Antoinette, embracing the same period of 1770-1780, comprised in the collections of his predecessors. As these letters were published from the imperial archives of Vienna, with the sanction of the Emperor, they afforded a kind of touchstone by which the genuineness of the Paris collections might be tested. It was soon discovered that there were many discrepancies which could be accounted for on no other supposition than that these various collections could not have emanated from the same person. In the Viennese collection the note-paper was generally gilt-edged; in the Paris, plain. In the Viennese letters the Dauphiness writes an awkward, sketchy, illegible scrawl; in the Paris letters her handwriting of the same period is that of an accomplished woman. In the German collections the A in the signature Antoinette is a round, common letter; in the Paris collections the A is always a sharp-pointed capital letter. In Von Arneth's collection, the Dauphiness generally terminates her letters to her mother with *Je vous embrasse*; in the Paris collections

the formula is *Je vous baise les mains*: Now each of these differences, which, if taken by themselves, might be of very little moment, have altogether a strong cumulative force. How comes it that one set of letters marked with strong peculiarities should be found at Vienna, and another set marked with a different set of peculiarities in the bureau of the French editors?

It appears from the letters published by Von Arneth, that in keeping up the correspondence between the Dauphiness and her empress mother, a courier was constantly employed, who used to commence his journey from Paris on the 1st, and return from Vienna on the 13th of each month. The letters of Von Arneth are dated in conformity with that arrangement; but those published by the French editors are dated in conflict with it. If both sets of letters were true, they would naturally fit into each other as counterparts of the same correspondence, carried on by the same parties, during the same period. But instead of harmonizing with, they generally contradict each other. In the Viennese collection there is a gap of some weeks, after which the mother complains of the negligence of her daughter. But the French editors have been able to show that the complaints of Maria Theresa were ill-founded, by giving her more letters during this gap in the Viennese correspondence, than in any other period. In the German collection the Dauphiness is represented as behaving, against her mother's wishes, rather rudely to Madame du Barri. The French editors have rectified this impression by introducing the Dauphiness as paying court to the king's mistress. The letters of Vienna represent the Dauphiness as a thoughtful girl, always looking with a grave aspect upon the most ridiculous events. The French editors introduce her to us as caricaturing her neighbours, and extracting jokes out of the most solemn occurrences. They have also shown us how a private correspondence between a mother and daughter may be carried on without containing any allusion to their domestic affairs, but substituting in their stead the public scandals of the day, the gossip of the salons, and the sweepings of the newspapers. Von Arneth was not slow to avail himself of these startling contrasts to discredit the collections of his French contemporaries. Count d'Hunolstein gave up the field at once. He offered very frankly his papers to the examination of the curious, with the assurance that if Marie Antoinette was not the merry-hearted girl his collection would make her out, he was very sorry for it. But M. Feuillet de

Conches regarded Von Arneth as a rash intruder into his domain. Every letter he himself had published had been derived from sources no less respectable than the archives of Vienna. There was no inconsistency in Marie Antoinette having two different styles of handwriting, or in carrying on two, or it might be three, isolated sets of correspondence with her mother during the same period; or, if there were any inconsistency, it was clearly Von Arneth's duty to withdraw his letters, and leave him master of the situation.

The discussion on this subject has been much complicated by the fact that the greater portion of M. Feuillet de Conches' collection is admitted to be genuine, and by the introduction of a secretary on the scene, to whom some of the letters are attributed. But it does not in the least follow that because a part of M. Feuillet de Conches' collection is genuine, therefore, that the whole is so. No trick is more common in the history of literary forgery than the mixing up of genuine documents with spurious, to enable the fabricator to escape detection. If a man has a number of bad half-crowns, he is far more likely to pass them amid a heap of genuine pieces than if tendered singly. In this manner, doubtless, the French editors have been imposed upon. No one for a moment suspected either of them of forging the letters to which they lent the sanction of their names, though M. de Conches resented the attack of Von Arneth upon his collection as an attack upon himself. But no two objects could be more distinct; and even should M. Feuillet de Conches be far more immaculate than he says he is, still this would not lessen by a grain the weight of evidence which Von Arneth has produced against the authenticity of that portion of his collection which is contemporary with his own. Indeed, he ought to have seen, as some half-dozen of the spurious letters are common both to his and Count D'Hunolstein's collection, that he and the count had been imposed upon by the same party, and have given up the dispute with a good grace.

The fraud of mixing up a heap of spurious with a few genuine letters was never more adroitly managed than in the correspondence ascribed in the last quarter of the last century to Pope Ganganelli. Caraccioli, a French marquis of Neapolitan descent, had spent some time in Rome during the cardinalate of that pontiff, when by his own account he had been introduced to his eminence. Hence upon the Pontiff's death he came to think that no person was so much entitled as he was to write his

friend's life and edit his letters. First, he confined himself to a few notes, as a sort of appendix to the memoir; but finding the public eager to read all that could be produced, he gratified them with two more volumes. The letters purport to be a translation from the Italian, and were accompanied with a few short sermons and essays; but the originals, though frequently asked for, were never produced. Caraccioli also prudently withheld the names of the parties to whom the letters were addressed, except in one or two instances, when they were purposely introduced, that the attestation of one might answer for the non-attestation of many. The letters were also of a very abstract character, dealing in general theories, and never descending into the practical details of active life. Yet they found a favourable reception in France, and were immediately translated into English by Cleland, who, it is suspected, in order to swell the last volume to the size of the preceding, added to it some rubbish of his own. The work was very well fitted for the English market; for the aim of Caraccioli was to unite in Ganganelli a love of religion with the keenest taste for science, and the sternest morality with the widest spirit of toleration ever advocated by the doctrinaires of France. Englishmen were delighted to find a pope advocating unrestricted freedom of the press, condemning Spanish *autos-da-fé*, and stigmatizing religious persecution with the zeal of Voltaire. Cleland's translation, therefore, rapidly passed through three or four editions. The voice of suspicion faintly assailed the work in France, for the Encyclopædists did not like the idea of a pope appropriating their principles; but not the slightest doubt was manifested in England, where Cleland, even in town libraries, still continues to hold up Ganganelli for our admiration.

Cleland was one of those singular writers who possess great abilities, but who do not care to display their talents unless they can deceive or scandalize their fellow-men. He was always engaged in some subterranean undertaking which enabled him to escape detection while undermining the ground on which society trod. Though undoubtedly one of the best prose writers of his day, he rarely employed his pen except in the composition of works which outraged common decency or imposed some fraud on the world. Before the publication of the Ganganelli letters, from which his name was discreetly withheld, he was supposed to have been connected, in a manner which raised suspicions as to his integrity, with the clandestine publication of what are

described to be 'Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters from the East.' We are told that Lady Mary, in 1761, hearing at Venice of her husband's death, hastened to England by way of Holland. While staying for a few hours at Rotterdam, she casually fell in with an English clergyman, one Reverend Benjamin Sowden, to whom it is alleged she made a free gift of a manuscript copy of her English letters. On Lady Mary's death, in 1762, it came to the ears of her daughter, Lady Bute, that Sowden was in possession of the documents in question. She prevailed on Lord Bute to send an agent over to Holland, who prevailed upon Sowden to part with the MS. for £500. But scarcely had the agent landed in England with the supposed treasure, when the letters were published in two volumes by Cleland, who gives the reader to understand that he had faithfully transcribed his version from Lady Mary's manuscript during some stay he had made at Venice. It was at once thought that Sowden had acted in collusion with the London publishers; but when challenged with the suspicion, the only account he could give of the matter was, that two strangers called upon him one day to look at the MS., who, by a previously concerted plan, had him called away during the visit. They availed themselves of his absence to walk off with the MS., which they returned next day with profuse apologies. This story, however, is but a lame explanation of a very mysterious affair. No names are mentioned, or other particularity by which its accuracy may be tested. We have only Mr. Sowden's testimony, and he is a gentleman of whom we know nothing at all.

The letters which Cleland edited were accompanied with a short preface by himself, and two others still shorter by Mrs. Astell. This lady being intimate with Lady Mary, it was very natural, that on the return of the fair traveller from the East, she should be privileged with the perusal of these letters. But it was very unnatural that, as she avers, having once obtained possession of them, she should have refused to part with them; and it was the most unlikely thing of all, that she should write an encomium upon their merits, with the hope that they might be ushered into the world under its auspices after her death. These prefaces are dated 1724-25. Mrs. Astell died some twelve years after that date, but as to what, in the meantime, came of her copy of MS., if she left one, and how these prefaces, which were not among the Sowden papers, came into the possession of the London publishers, not one word is men-

tioned. Our belief is, Mary Astell did not write one line of them, and that they were skilfully brought forward by Cleland, to hide one forgery under the drapery of another.

It is not pretended that these letters are the links of an actual correspondence, or that they were really sent to the persons to whom they are addressed. Not a scrap of even a pretended original can be produced from any other source than the Sowden MS. The only genuine letter recoverable which Lady Mary wrote to England during her travels in the East is a note to Mrs. Hewet, which is not in the Sowden papers at all. In this letter she makes excuses for writing in a hurry, and so seldom, on the ground of numerous occupations daily pressing upon her, which will not allow her to take pen in hand. When she last wrote to her friends, and when she next will have leisure to do so, she really does not know. This note is dated 1st April, 1717. Yet, if we may believe the posthumous letters, on this very day she sat down to write seven long letters to her friends in England and France, on purely speculative subjects, which take up sixty pages of the second volume. It is just possible that Lady Mary may have written these letters on the day in question, but if she did so, she must have told an awfully long lie to Mrs. Hewet.

The dates of these letters, however, and the allusions in many of them, are at war with everything we know of contemporary events. Lady Mary and her husband are gazetted as having arrived in London on the 15th October, 1717. These letters place their arrival a fortnight after that date. Pope, in one of these notes, is located at Twickenham, some six months at least before he arrived there. But the most decided proof of their imaginary character is a diary in which Lady Mary chronicled all the letters she wrote during her travels, with the initials of the parties to whom they were addressed. Instead of corresponding with this authentic registry of her actual correspondence, the published letters contradict it in every particular.

The question then resolves itself into this. Did Lady Mary sit down to write an imaginary correspondence with living people out of the loose memoranda of her travels she drew up? The only proof of this is the Sowden MS., which persons who knew Lady Mary's handwriting attest to be genuine. Against this are to be set the improbability of Lady Mary taking so much trouble for the gratification of two or three private friends, the conferring the

MS. on a three hours' acquaintance, and the mysterious publication of the MS. immediately after it had been sold by the stranger, without any rational account of the way in which the letters, with Mary Astell's prefaces, came into Cleland's possession. It is much more reasonable to believe that Lady Mary's hand was simulated, than that Sowden and Cleland's account could be true; for we shall see later on that handwriting can be counterfeited in such a manner, as to baffle the skill of experts themselves.

But with regard to all the English letters published under the name of Lady Mary, we have not the poor merit of manuscript authority. Cleland, finding the venture a lucrative one, published an additional volume of letters, so like in phrase and feminine grace of expression to the preceding, as to deceive Lady Bute herself. The letters from Florence and Genoa in this last volume are quite equal in merit to any in the Sowden collection. They have the same indelicate traits, the same sparkling wit as the letters from Adrianople. Beyond the names of the places whence they are addressed, there is in reality nothing to distinguish them from the other letters in the collection. But if these Italian letters show that Cleland had the talent to write the letters in the previous volumes, it must be admitted his actual experience was eminently fitted to qualify him for the task. He had passed much of his life in the East. He had been consul at Smyrna, and was thoroughly initiated into the manners, the politics, and habits of the Turks. There is no fact mentioned in the Eastern letters with which he may not reasonably be presumed to have been acquainted. The licentious badinage which flavours the entire collection, and which comes so oddly from the pen of a lady, is exactly the sort of spice so wild a writer as Cleland would be most likely to season his work with. It is not, therefore, in the least improbable that he, having fabricated these letters, should have arranged that little matter with Sowden, to extract £500 out of the pocket of the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

The history of English literary forgery may be said to commence with Lauder, and to end with the Shelley letters. Each link in the chain appears to have suggested the succeeding one. There cannot be a doubt that Macpherson exercised great influence over the career of Chatterton,* just as Chatterton fashioned the destinies of young Ireland. The success which attended the labours of each of these personages must

doubtless have stimulated, if it did not suggest the fabrication of the Byron and Shelley letters. How far Lauder may have marshalled the way for Macpherson does not distinctly appear; but the fact that Lauder's interpolations of the Dutch poets were ushered into the world under the patronage of Dr. Johnson, just as Macpherson was entering on his literary career at Aberdeen, is fair ground for concluding that Macpherson must have taken note of his countryman's extraordinary proceedings, if he did not resolve to profit by his failures. The step from the insertion of imaginary lines into authentic poems, to the fabrication of the poems themselves, is not very wide to take. It is, therefore, very probable, that if we had escaped 'the plagiarisms of Milton,' we should not have been startled with the epics of Rowley or Ossian.

The great proof of the forgeries of Macpherson, as of Caraccioli, was the non-production of the manuscripts. Macpherson averred he had them in his possession. He, however, was not at liberty to expose the private property of other people to all-comers; but he promised to publish the original Gaelic, provided the public would guarantee him against loss. The countrymen of Macpherson in India had such faith in the reality of the mythic bard, that they provided the requisite funds. But instead of the ancient Gaelic, they simply got the poems of Macpherson tricked out in a modern Gaelic dress. In the same manner, when Caraccioli was pressed for his original, he was obliged to translate his French book into Italian, in order to gratify his patrons. In each of the cases the public paid for the luxury of being twice deceived. The authors were remunerated for the production of imaginary translations, and then for the production of the imaginary originals.

The belief in Ossian was so strong in Macpherson's day, that when he even covertly avowed the fraud, he could not get his dupes to believe him. The honour these poems conferred on his country by representing Scotland as highly civilised when surrounding nations were plunged in barbarism, was too much appreciated to be lightly got rid of. The feeling of national pride he had aroused would not allow the author to take the credit of his own works to himself. When he attempted to twine the laurels he had bestowed on Ossian round his own brow, he was decried as a deceiver and a plagiarist. Even in our days the belief in the genuineness of these poems still maintains its ground, and occasionally works issue from the Scotch press to show, that whatever may have become of Macpherson,

* Vide his Saxon poem 'Eithelgar.'

Ossian still lives in the hearts of his countrymen. For ourselves, we forbear to reason with a weakness which assumes the appearance of a virtue. If one of the two alternatives is to be chosen, it seems better to perpetuate error than to extinguish patriotism.

The influence Macpherson exercised upon Chatterton seems to have been this. When the former published his 'Highlander' in plain English pentameters, nobody paid him the slightest attention. It fell with the fine eclogues of Collins like so much dead weight into the stream of oblivion. It was not till he had arrayed the poem in the wild imagery of a mythical age that the public ear was arrested by its inspiration. The world declined his verses until he showed that they were covered with the dust of antiquity. These examples could not be without effect on the Bristol boy, begrimed with the parchment papers extracted from the muniment room of St. Mary Redcliffe. Chatterton immediately saw that the best verses fell unheeded on the callous ears of his contemporaries, while the worst, if tricked out with the appearance of age, were likely to extort universal admiration. Hence Rowley's appearance in the garb of a mediæval monk was more or less suggested by Alpin's appearance in the garb of a Gaelic hero. Had the priest touched the same chord of national sympathy as the warrior, Chatterton might, like his more fortunate contemporary, have been carried beneath nodding plumes to Westminster Abbey, instead of in a pauper shell to a union workhouse; for in point of cleverness of disguise, no less than in the excellence of the materials, there can be no doubt as to the superiority of Rowley over Ossian.

That Rowley was no ordinary creation is evident from the fact, that having defied a whole synod of grizzled deans and antiquaries to find out whether he was a substance or a shadow, he still continues to summon respectable witnesses to vouch for his reality. Dr. Maitland, who is a gentleman not easily imposed upon, has recently written an essay on Chatterton for the purpose of establishing his belief in the authenticity of the Rowley poems and tragedies. It appears he was led into the inquiry by detecting certain discrepancies in the biographical accounts of Chatterton's death. The document which Dr. Maitland wanted, to clear up all doubt, was a copy of the depositions taken at the coroner's inquest. He called for this so long, that at length some complying correspondent of 'Notes and Queries' furnished him, through the

pages of that periodical, with what purported to be an exact court copy of the evidence given on that occasion. The inquest, according to the record, was held on Friday, the 26th of August, 1770, at the 'Three Crows,' Holborn, before Mr. Swinton Carter and ten jurymen, whose names only are given. This was a great triumph to Dr. Maitland; for he was enabled with this document in his hand to point out further errors in the published accounts, and to confirm his own view of the Rowley papers. The coroner's inquest turns up at every corner of his essay. He is never weary of quoting a document which is to revolutionize all our ideas respecting Chatterton.

This precious document, however, whose opportune discovery tempted Dr. Maitland to reopen the controversy, turns out to be a clumsy forgery. It is marvellous to us that a divine of Dr. Maitland's acuteness should not have known, that no jury of ten can in this country try any issue of a criminal character. The very fact of the names of the jury without their addresses being given should have awakened his suspicions. Even the mention of Mr. Swinton Carter without the designation of 'His Majesty's Coroner for the Borough or County of —,' which always accompanies instruments of this character, would have been sufficient to call its authenticity in question with any sagacious mind. But the most glaring mark of fabrication is the wrong date paraded on the very front of the depositions. Friday was not the 27th of August, 1770, but the 24th. Dr. Maitland, however, is so bent upon resuscitating Rowley, that he sets down this error to the copier. He, doubtless, intended to write Monday instead of Friday; but if this convenient method of interpretation be adopted, no document could be proved spurious. It is evident, in the absence of the original, of which nobody has heard, we must take the transcript to be an exact copy; and if it contain any statement at war with actual fact, reject it altogether. But in the present case we have some half-dozen startling incongruities, any one of which would be sufficient to show that this copy of a coroner's record is as mythical as anything ever ascribed to Rowley.

The principal allegation on which Dr. Maitland relies for the genuineness of Rowley, is the wide disparity existing between the acknowledged pieces of Chatterton, and the epic poem and tragedy ascribed to the same priest. Chatterton's avowed poems are such as any ordinary lad would write without exciting any feelings of envy among

his schoolfellows. Many better pieces are written in every public school, and flung into the fire as soon as produced. In fact, according to Dr. Maitland, Chatterton was incapable of writing decent prose; for all his essays which are worth reading are pilfered either from the 'Spectator,' or Goldsmith's 'Citizen of the World,' or from some other standard classic. But this is placing the issues on very false grounds. The great mainspring of Chatterton's success in producing Rowley lies in this, that he gave up all his time to the task. His other poems were only occasional pieces flung off to wile away a vacant hour, or to please the caprices of a friend. Yet, regarded in this light, their merit is by no means of a low order. The ode to 'Contemplation,' which Dr. Maitland prints *in extenso*, is really worthy of Gray or Campbell. The African eulogues would not disgrace Collins, while the short amatory pieces are as good as anything of the sort in the 'Hours of Idleness.' It does not follow because Chatterton pilfered prose, that he could not write poetry. The prefaces of Wordsworth furnish the most rambling pieces of dissonant prose in any language. But there are passages in his 'Excursion' which would do honour to Milton.

As we cannot assent to Dr. Maitland's facts, neither can we agree with his inferences. It seems a matter of impossibility to him, that an uneducated boy should write the 'Battle of Hastings,' or the 'Lament of Ælla'; but he does not see that it is a matter of far greater impossibility that a Saxon priest could read Homer before the alphabet of the language in which he wrote was known in these dominions, or that Spenser, Dryden, Pope, or Shakespeare could pilfer the expressions, or use the metres of a writer whose works they never saw. We know for a truth that the English language, in the reign of Edward IV., could not be more refined than the same language in the mouths of the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth; but we cannot say, with the same degree of confidence, that a boy of seventeen might not be produced who could write a sonnet equal to any of Shakespeare's. The one case could not happen; the other, though most unlikely, is still within the bounds of possibility.

The solution of the difficulty with Dr. Maitland is easy. The ideas and the arrangement of the material were Rowley's. All the merit of Chatterton lay in modernizing the phraseology and smoothing the ruggedness of the metres. But what object could Chatterton have had in such a performance? He knew, from the example of

Macpherson, that the older a thing was made out to be, the more likely were the chances of its catching the public ear. Is it probable he would take a step in direct contradiction to his own experience? Chatterton's manifest design was to turn Rowley into money, on the score of his antiquity. With a view to effect that object, he does his utmost to depreciate his value by presenting him in a modern dress.

But the fact is, three-fourths of the merit of Rowley consists in the music of the versification, the classical elegance of the diction, and the appositeness of the phraseology to express the ideas conveyed; and the remaining fourth, in the similes Chatterton pilfered from the poets of Anne and of Queen Elizabeth, but which he in such wise improved, that they may be regarded as his own. The great excellence of the Rowley poems does not consist in the plot, or in the naked ideas which the author derived from history, but in the finish and the execution for which he had no one to thank but himself. The explanation, therefore, of Dr. Maitland just leaves the original difficulty where it was, if it does not increase it. That a youth of seventeen should do for Rowley, what Dryden did for Chaucer, and Pope for Donne, appears even more wonderful than if he had arranged the materials and drawn the plan of the Rowley poems himself; for in that case the suitability of the language to the ideas, the splendour of the imagery, the music and polished elegance of the rhythm might very naturally be supposed to have flowed spontaneously from the fervour of intellectual creation. But, leaving the inspiration of genius out of the account, how are we to suppose that at a period when ordinary lads can scarcely be said to write their own language, a charity boy having, as Dr. Maitland makes out, a commonplace intellect, should re-cast the language of a mediæval poet in so super-eminent a manner as to entitle him to take his place among the first classics of his country?

But in Dr. Maitland's hypothesis difficulties meet us at every step. Why did Chatterton go through the labour of fabricating parchments for some of the copies, if he had the MSS. of all in his possession? Then, what became of the original parchments? Dr. Maitland's supposition that the relatives of Chatterton destroyed them for fear of being dragged before a criminal tribunal on some charge of forgery is of all other suppositions the most extravagant in the world. The other conjecture, that Chatterton, in a fit of spleen with the world, flung them over London-bridge on the eve or morning of his

rash suicide is as idle as the preceding; for had he been in possession of such treasures, and offered them for sale in the proper quarter, there cannot be the slightest doubt but he would have obtained what he was in quest of — an honourable competence combined with great literary distinction. The fact is, these manuscripts were never destroyed, for the very simple reason they never were in existence. If we introduce them into the story, no rational supposition can be invented for their disappearance, or for their finder rushing so madly out of the world.

The parchment manufacturing of Chatterton doubtless suggested to young Ireland how easily the public might be gulled by the application of the same processes to Shakespearian records. In this case the pretended originals were produced. All that seemed wanting to legitimate them was a particular history tracing the descent of the papers from the time of the author to the commencement of the present century. Though this, however, was not forthcoming, the Ireland papers were received with a large amount of confidence by an unsuspecting nation. The house of the Irelands in which the Shakespearian documents were exposed for inspection was crowded by royal and patriotic visitors. The play of 'Vortigern,' which was among the number of the MSS., after being contended for by the managers of the two rival houses in London, was at length conceded as a special favour to Drury-lane. Ireland's father received a blank cheque to fill up for any amount he pleased. John Kemble was retained to play Vortigern, and Mrs. Siddons Edmunda. The frail Mrs. Jordan undertook the part of Flavia. The poet laureate (Pye) wrote the prologue. For a fortnight previous to the performance every available seat in the theatre was forestalled. If the final collapse came, it was owing more to the broad humour of the many than to the critical discernment of the few. Kemble's strong accentuation of the line —

'And when this solemn mockery is o'er,'

in addition to the drop scene falling upon General Hosius as he lay dead on the stage, making him at once miraculously resume the perpendicular, produced such yells of discord and roars of laughter as to necessitate the withdrawal of the piece. It was not till the public mind had been disabused by this theatrical outburst of ridicule on the part of the pit and gallery, that Malone brought up his heavy artillery to demolish the superstructure which Ireland had raised. The public then beheld to their astonish-

ment with how little ingenuity, and by what little talent they had been deceived.

While the 'Vortigern' fever was at its height, Ireland discovered another play ('Henry III.'), which, had everything gone on well, was intended to succeed 'Vortigern;' but the ease with which historical plays may be manufactured brought two or three rivals into the field. Walrond, who thought he had as good a right to discover plays of Shakespeare as Ireland, published the 'Virgin Queen,' which in point of artistic excellence flung even 'Vortigern' into the shade. But both Ireland and Walrond's fabrications were as much like a genuine play of Shakespeare's, as the picture of Strafford upon an ale-house sign is like the celebrated portrait by Vandyke, which frowns upon the visitors of Wentworth House. There is not one original character, nor any facetious interlude. The whole is an elaborate piece of solemn dulness. The story of 'Vortigern' and 'Rowena' is a legend into which Shakespeare would have thrown the full force of his imaginative energies. But Ireland adheres to the mythical relation as closely as if he were following history. There are, however, three or four of the historical plays attributed to Shakespeare which contain nothing of the alleged author beyond the design, and two or three incidental passages thrown in at hap-hazard, to relieve the dulness by which they are surrounded. We have very great doubt whether the same man who wrote 'Hamlet,' wrote anything like the whole of 'King John.' But we have quite made up our minds that he did not write more than a few straggling lines in the continuation of 'Henry VI.' It was therefore not very difficult for dulness in one age to imitate dulness in another. So far, indeed, Ireland may be said to have succeeded; but it was clearly impossible for a pigmy to equal a giant in the sphere of art; the one foregoes his inventive faculties, and the other revelling in them to the grandest excess. The stupidity of Ireland's contemporaries lay not so much in mistaking the writings of mediocrity for those of genius, for the public have been doing that for the best part of three centuries, but in thinking that the worst writer of the age could reduce a legend into a few dry facts, with the same dramatic effect, as the best writer of another age could raise out of a few dry facts a gorgeous superstructure of fiction.

The mode in which Shakespeare's plays were printed, as it were by stealth from the stage copies, without the consent of either manager or author, has entailed a sad legacy of perplexed thought upon suc-

ceeding times. It is really impossible to know, in the absence of the original MSS., where the writing of the real Shakespeare ends, and where that of the mock Shakespeare begins. Much mystery surrounds the early disappearance of the original MSS. of Shakespeare. The 'Winter's Tale' was his last composition, and yet we have the authority of Sir Henry Herbert, Master of the Revels, for the fact that the original MS. was not in existence in 1623. As everybody knows, in that year first appeared the collected edition of thirty-six plays, under the auspices of his fellow-players, Heminge and Condell; but the editors of that folio followed the text of the sixteen imperfect and clandestine quartos already published, eking out the text of the twenty other plays from the manuscript stage copies, which had been depraved by the alterations of the players, and mutilated or transposed for the purpose of representation. We are not, therefore, certain that we have a single genuine play of Shakespeare as it came from his hands. Up to his death in 1616 only some fourteen plays out of the thirty-six had struggled into print at different periods, without, if not in open defiance of, his authority. We are, therefore, left without any guide beyond our own judgment to rectify a corrupt text, and to mark off, as it were in inverted brackets, the work of the interpolator or dramatic associate.

Some attempt, however, even in our own day, has been made to extricate the Shakespearean student from the embarrassment of his position. To whom the Bard of Avon is indebted for this service remains a mystery, for the real author has modestly withheld his name, and would have withheld his work, had not Mr. Payne Collier accidentally snatched it from oblivion. This gentleman chanced in 1845, as he was looking over some old books at Mr. Rodd's shop in Newport-street, to stumble upon an old folio of Shakespeare's plays printed in 1632. It appears he paid thirty shillings for the volume, which he took home himself and deposited on his shelf without further examination; but on casually taking down the folio some years afterwards, Mr. Collier discovered on the margin heaps of manuscript notes emending the text in so felicitous a manner as to reconcile Shakespeare not only with himself but with common sense. The writing was the old text hand of the seventeenth century, in ink apparently as old as that with which the folio had been printed. Many inconsequential passages were struck out of the text, and stage directions inserted here and there,

which evidently betokened that the folio had been used for stage purposes, probably in the early part of the seventeenth century. What more natural to suppose than that some theatrical manager, seeing the errors which had crept into the text through the surreptitious publication of the plays, and the blunders of inexperienced printers, should have undertaken the task of restoring the true reading, as far as it was possible in the absence of the original MSS., by the best prompter's copies, and the traditions of the foremost actors. The name of Perkins on the fly-leaf of the folio, identical with that of a famous actor of the period, corroborated the suggestion. The marginal notes were at once published by way of supplementary volume to Mr. Collier's previous edition of Shakespeare, and were flatteringly received by the public. But the editor gave notice of a new edition in which they were to be incorporated into the text.

The world does not appear to have been aware of the extent to which Shakespeare was to be revolutionised until the feat had been actually accomplished. It was not until Mr. Collier had published his last edition, and his emendations had been accepted abroad, that English critics took the alarm, and began to inquire into his authority. It was then made clearly apparent that most of the words introduced were either of a very modern origin, or were used in a sense which had only been applied to them during the present century. It was also discovered that many archaic words had been ejected from the text as unmeaning, which in Shakespeare's day were pregnant with the sense he intended to convey. On a close inspection of the folio itself, it was found that the antique caligraphy had been imitated in pencil, upon which the ink had been laid, and then the pencil marks erased. The ink also seemed to have been mixed with iron rust, to impart to its strokes the appearance of age; for when chemically examined, it yielded to the first solvent, which hardly would have been the case had it not been recently laid on. Putting all these things together, it was evident that these marginal notes had been concocted with a view to present Shakespeare to the English public in a new dress. That Mr. Collier should have been the unsuspecting dupe of the fraud is, doubtless, a subject of regret, but the sympathy would have been more widely felt had he not been a considerable gainer by the transaction.

It is, we suppose, the hard fate of gentlemen devoted to the rehabilitation of any author more than two hundred years old,

to be constantly bringing themselves into connection with dubious documents concerning him. Hence the same handwriting as in the marginal notes, superimposed on similar pencil marks, was also detected in the folio edition of 1623, which Mr. Collier borrowed from the late Earl of Ellesmere. The same gentleman also found among the Dulwich collection a letter of Marston's, offering his tragedy of 'Columbus' to Henslowe for £20. When the letter, however, came to be examined, there appeared the erasure of the same modern pencil marks, after the rusty ink had been superimposed, as in the notes of the Perkins and the Bridgewater folio. Mr. Collier had also the misfortune to bring to light two other documents in connection with Shakespeare from the Dulwich collection as spurious as the Marston letter. He was also so unlucky as to find a folio in Bridgewater House containing five documents relating to Shakespeare and Blackfriars Theatre which will not stand the test of critical investigation. Even when Mr. Collier enters the Public Record Office, his evil destiny attends him there; for he discovers a most important paper, in the shape of an appeal from the actors of Blackfriars to the Privy Council, entreating that body to protect their interests against the attacks of their puritanical neighbours, who were endeavouring to hunt them from the vicinity. The counter petition of the inhabitants of Blackfriars, condemning the theatre on the score of immorality, Mr. Collier avowed he had also seen. But when the matter came to be looked into, the one petition was pronounced a forgery, and the other could not be found.

It is a singular feature in the case, that the revelations of the Bridgewater folio, as well as the document in the War Office, and the spurious list of players in the Dulwich collection, should all, though emanating from different quarters, relate to the same transaction. There is in the folio an account of the several sums at which the actors valued their different shares in the theatre; and to authenticate the document, Mr. Collier tells us, he has in his possession a copy of a memorandum of Sir George Stubbs, then Master of the Revels, to the effect that the actors had appraised their property at £1,800 more than it was worth, a sum at that time fully equal to £15,000 of our present money. To render the story as complete as possible, we have a letter from the actors to the Privy Council, assuring that honourable board they had never catered to the lewd taste of the age, and that their audiences had never given the least annoyance to their neighbours. This

document is followed by the copy of a letter from the Earl of Southampton, introducing Burgage and Shakespeare to the Lord Chancellor (Ellesmere), backed with a strong enforcement of their claims to the continuance of Blackfriars Theatre. Though there is in these papers a dramatic completeness approaching to an artistic interlude, the only reality about them is a memorandum of the opinions of the two chief justices of either bench, respecting the rights and liberties of the mayor and citizens of London, in the vicinity of Black and White Friars. Upon this slender foundation the forger has raised his ingenious fabric. Now it is very curious that nearly the whole of these documents should be found in the same localities as the antique writing with rusty ink upon modern pencil marks, that they should concern the same subject, and be brought to light by the same gentleman. It is, however, fair to Mr. Collier to state, that he has filed an affidavit in the Court of Queen's Bench, to the effect that the author of the marginal notes is as mysterious to him as to the rest of the community. With respect to the origin of the other documents, of course he knows as little as he does of the writer of the marginal notes. Mr. Collier is certainly in the position of a man who has tendered much spurious coin for the acceptance of the public. But there is this much to be said in his favour, that he has delved into researches where he might be easily imposed upon, and where much spurious coin is to be found.

It is only some twenty-six years ago that Peter Cunningham, on his appointment to a situation in the Audit Office, Somerset House, made a notable discovery in connection with Shakesperian literature. Though it may be readily imagined that Musgrave and Malone had used up all the material which had escaped the Goths of the locality, Mr. Cunningham felt the Shakesperian fever upon him so strongly, that he made the most obstinate searches for further records, illustrative of Shakespeare's two-and-twenty years' traffic with the stage. His zeal was at length rewarded by the discovery of what purported to be certain extracts from the accounts of the Court Revels in the reign of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. The papers, which were three in number, comprised for the most part a mass of trifling information concerning the cost of the stuff used for stage purposes, workmen's wages, expenses for fuel and carriage of articles, besides other items of no earthly interest to any one man living, and exceedingly difficult to

wade through even with the critical assistance of the editor. Two, however, of the papers containing the expenditure for the years 1605 and 1612, comprise in addition a list of the plays performed before the Court during the same period. Owing to the darkness surrounding the first publication of Shakespeare's dramas, critics had been hitherto much confused as to the chronological order in which his plays should be arranged. Whether 'Othello' followed or preceded the 'Comedy of Errors,' or whether 'The Tempest' was not written before 'Henry V.', does not appear to have been clearly made out. But as soon as Mr. Cunningham published these extracts, all doubt was set at rest. A distinct set of plays are included in the list for 1612, which are not mentioned in the list for 1605. The question of priority was therefore definitely settled in favour of those plays mentioned in the first paper. Every succeeding editor, from 1842 downwards, has followed the chronological order in these extracts as an unerring authority. But it now turns out that Mr. Cunningham's papers are no more authentic than Mr. Collier's.

There is twofold similarity between the two cases, that the forged papers in both instances are connected with authentic documents, and that they do not purport to be originals, but only copies, of which the originals cannot be discovered. Great search has been made, but without effect. It happened, notwithstanding, a few months ago, that the originals of Mr. Cunningham's papers were offered for sale to the authorities of the British Museum. The MSS., however, on being sent to the Record Office for verification, were at once impounded by Lord Romilly's direction as national property. But on a close inspection, the only valuable metal in the collection turned out to be of a spurious description. It only required a glance of the experts to discover that the list of Shakespeare's plays performed before the Court in the years alluded to, had been appended to the old documents by a modern hand. The trifling and uninteresting items of expenditure are genuine, but the book containing these appears to have also contained some blank pages, into which the forger has crammed the whole of the writings referring to Shakespeare.

How these papers got into private hands is not, and perhaps never will be known. The discovery would throw some light as to how the Collier papers were manipulated — for both are evidently the production of one hand. Some one, if not in the Gov-

ernment employ, at least having access to the Record Office and to Somerset House, must have perpetrated these frauds with a view either to public fame or private emolument. They were evidently intended to be published bit by bit at a time, just as the public taste was prepared for their reception. The fabricating copies of pretended originals, with a view to the bringing forth the originals after the copies had got into general circulation, is a new form of forgery, which, as it betokens considerable literary ingenuity, could hardly be the creation of a common mind. Some one of considerable intellectual sagacity has been at work here, who has chosen Shakesperian literature as his province, and who had, by the publication of new matter, a direct interest in keeping the subject before the world.

The ordinary forger does not deal so gingerly with the public, or, indeed, care about subsequent detection, so long as he is able to retire from the field with a well-lined pocket. Hence there are fashions in the art. Formerly spurious works were the *mode*: in these days, however, the forger, instead of printing books, prefers to deal with the public rather through autograph collectors. This latest phase of literary deception received a curious illustration during the French Exhibition. When France was asserting her claim to pre-eminence in the arts, the occasion was felicitously chosen for establishing her pretensions to the first place in astronomical science. Accordingly, when all the world was at Paris, a certain discovery was made of a scientific correspondence, which placed beyond doubt that Newton had filched all his discoveries from Pascal, who had even anticipated the supplementary propositions in the last edition of the 'Principia.' The letters which established the fact were laid by M. Charles before the Academie des Sciences, that they might stand the test of critical examination. There were heaps of other documents, all of the highest interest, principally relating to astronomy and to the prominent position France occupied in the history of that science. It is a vulgar idea that Copernicus swept away the Ptolemaic sphere, and vindicated for the sun its true place in the solar system. The letters of Rabelais, which are in this collection, show that this service was performed for him by the French Swift, who appears to have cudgelled the Greek astronomers in the same spirit in which he bantered the monks.

Both the Swede and the Englishman were mere pretenders to science, who stole all that was valuable in their works — the one

from a French buffoon, the other from a French ascetic. The English and the French monarchs are both introduced on the scene, each taking a deep interest in the works of their respective subjects long before they were known to the world. Newton, who, in his mature age, could only read French imperfectly, writes it while a boy at school far more perfectly than his own language. He corresponds not only with Pascal, but with his own mother in French. Galileo, who elsewhere never wrote to Frenchmen except in Latin, in order to oblige our manuscript collector, never in these documents corresponded with his own countrymen except in French. James II., while holding his court at Versailles, writes to Newton, of course in French, to express, though no longer king, how much interest he felt in the success of one who had conspired to deprive him of a throne. It seems an odd peculiarity in Newton's mother that she invariably misspells her maiden name, and totally ignores that of her last husband; while she persists at three-score in writing herself down as Miss, with a view, we suppose, of achieving another conquest, on the score of her virginity. But these apparent inconsistencies arose from an Anglican view of the documents, and we on this side of the water had too much interest in the controversy to be admitted to decide on its merits. M. Charles appealed from the illiberal criticism of English critics to the French Institute. The Institute appointed a commission, which resigned its task, on the ground of defective information, though the signs of fabrication, we should have thought, were too flagrant for serious inquiry. M. Charles could not state from whom he had received the papers without betraying private confidence, and he really thought the public had no right to look a gift horse in the mouth.

We suppose we are to accept it as a consequence of the *rapprochement* between the two countries, that whatever form of literary forgery is uppermost in France, that form is certain to be contemporaneously in the ascendant with us. We take it as naturally as we do to the cut of the last tippet from the Boulevard de la Madeleine, or to the style of the last *bijouterie* from the Palais Royal. The Pascal letters are only the sequel of those of Marie Antoinette. First, the autograph collector is taken in, and then the attempt is made with luxurious type and learned introductions, written with perfect good faith, to delude the public. It is not long ago since two leading publishers of London esteemed themselves fortunate in being able to secure, at a long

price, a batch of letters, purporting to comprise a large portion of Byron and Shelley's Italian correspondence. A packet of Shelley's letters had been previously bought up by the present baronet of the Shelley family, in order to burke the slanders contained, by withdrawing them from circulation. But when Mr. Moxon secured his collection, he immediately looked round for an editor worthy of the occasion. A distinguished poet only was thought to be a fitting instrument to usher the letters of a distinguished poet into the world. Hence Mr. Robert Browning became the man. The weekly reviewers hailed the volume as a valuable accession to the literary memorials of Shelley. The 'Literary Gazette' really thought they were calculated to refute the charges of Atheism and immorality under which Shelley had hitherto laboured. It recommended some of the letters to the religious public as being quite equal to parish sermons. Mr. Browning, whose introduction to the letters was somewhat lengthy, was accused by Jerdan, with Diogenian asperity, of standing in the way of the sunshine. Browning had set out with asserting that the occasion had at length arrived for a complete life of the poet. With a view to guide the new biographer in his labours, he entered into a full disquisition upon Shelley's character in general, and his correspondence in particular, which as an introduction to twenty-five tawdry letters, was as much out of place as the erection of a Corinthian portico to a mud cottage. A copy of this book, so pompously ushered into the world, was sent by Moxon to Tennyson. Mr. Palgrave, a son of Sir Francis, happened at that time to be staying with the Laureate. On casually turning over the leaves of the volume he lighted on a passage written by his father in the pages of the 'Quarterly,' on the fine arts in Florence. Sir Francis at once wrote to Moxon for an explanation, but Moxon had none to give. He had bought the letters from White the publisher, in Pall Mall, at a price of something like three guineas a letter. They were stamped with the postmarks of the Italian towns, whence they had been despatched to England. The post-office clerks to whom they were submitted pronounced the stamps to be genuine. The letters were also written in Shelley's handwriting, or in something which could not be distinguished from it. The water-mark of the paper exactly tallied with the dates. It was now suggested that these documents might have been in the possession of his father-in-law, Mr. Dawson Turner, and that Sir Francis might have seen

the letter while looking over his valuable collection of autographs. This was an awkward question to settle with Sir Francis, who could only repeat his averment, that he was the author of the paragraph in question, and not the writer of that letter.

It was evident the matter could not rest here. At length some expert suggested that the modern post-marks of Italy might differ from those used at the period when these letters were alleged to have been written. It was known that Mr. Murray had in his possession letters which his father had received from Byron at the period in question. This gentleman was equally interested with Mr. Moxon in the inquiry, as he had bought from the same party a heap of Byron's letters, and paid no less dearly for his treasure. It was now his unlucky destiny to furnish the evidence by which their spuriousness was detected. Where the Italian post-towns were stamped in the genuine letters in a small sharp type, in the Shelley letters they were stamped in a small uncertain type; the numerals on the one were in Italics, on the other in Roman characters. In every other material respect the real and fictitious letters seemed identical. The seals appeared the same. The handwriting was undisputed. The dates, too, corresponded with those of Shelley and Byron's sojourn in the several cities from which they were alleged to have been despatched. Mr. Moxon felt reassured by these appearances, and requested Mr. White to relate how these documents came into his possession.

The story, as might have been expected, told by Mr. White, was of the lamest character. A lady in black, pressed by urgent want, had offered these papers to him for sale. Her husband, a surgeon, had attended Fletcher, Lord Byron's valet, professionally, on his death-bed, from whom he had received them as a dying bequest, in conjunction with the noble poet's Italian diary. She brought the letters in detached portions, according as she wanted money; and when the Byron series were finished, she began with Shelley. White, however, found out, before he sold the letters, that her medical husband was a myth, and that the person with whom she was connected was as destitute of honour and veracity as herself. This was an individual who assumed the name of Mr. Gordon Byron, from some fancied resemblance to the poet, but who was no more a descendant of the noble bard than he was of the Emperor of the French. Mr. White, however, though he knew that this man was somewhat of an impostor, allowed his fears to be dissipated

by the fabricator's assurances that his wares were genuine, and had been collected by him from different parts of Europe. It was, of course, White's interest to believe that he had not been imposed upon, and he quickly made up his mind to view the transaction in an honest light. What he regarded as genuine he offered as such to others. Mr. White, therefore, refused to return the money to the purchasers when requested to do so. Strange to say, he felt himself, in common with them, entitled to the sympathy of the public, having been duped by the same party, to the extent of putting a considerable sum into his pocket!

If we regard the composition of the letters, the evidence of forgery is so palpable, that it ought to have opened the eyes of White himself. In the Byron collection there is a dearth of ideas combined with sesquipedalian diction, the absence of epigrammatic wit, and that redundancy of expression from which the poet not only cautiously abstained himself, but which he ridiculed in others. In place of Shelley's ingenuous prose, we get a piebald mixture of styles, only connected by their homiletic dulness, a great deal of abstract morality, and not the slightest allusion to the details of his every-day life. If he sends a plant to a lady, it serves as a peg on which he hangs a disquisition on botany; if a piece of Mosaic, we are treated to an essay on the potteries of Etruria. In one letter we get a garbled extract from an old almanac of 1826, containing some vapid stuff about Urania and the Muses. In fact, the fabricator thought there was nothing so ridiculous that might not pass muster under the name of the most gifted genius of his century; and he was justified by the result. He dressed up the outward mask so well, that even critics mistook the soulless caricature for the living reality.

It is singular that one who managed his business so dexterously, so far as the material aspect of the letters were concerned, should have been so reckless as to direct some of them to parties still living, and to cram them with extracts from recently issued reviews. In the one case, the writing of a single line to one of the alleged correspondents was sufficient to confirm, in the other the turning over of a single page only was necessary to reveal the imposture. Had the fabricator translated from foreign compositions or depended upon his own resources, it is very probable that the Shelley letters would have been still circulating among us unchallenged, supplying materials for new biographies of the poet, and repairing his moral character at the ex-

pense of his intellectual reputation; for these letters hardly correspond less with the musical cadences of Shelley's prose, than the shriek of the owl with the notes of the nightingale. They contain a kind of proof charge of how far the public are willing to accept dross for gold, jarring sound for musical sense, a distorted shadow for a graceful reality.

That publishers should part with their guineas in order to possess themselves of trash which, issued under any other name, would be consigned to the dust-hole, need not surprise us; it was done in the way of trade: but that such gifted men as Browning should have seen in nonsense of this character indubitable marks of Shelley's genius, is a matter for grave consideration. One who is continually banqueting with the Muses ought, when he sits down to a dish of prose, to be able to distinguish melons from potatoes. But Browning does not stand alone; for Lord Houghton, and,

we believe, Earl Stanhope, outbid the London publishers in securing detached fragments of the same poet, emanating from the same literary anvil. This, to our mind, furnishes no weak sign of æsthetic degeneracy. It is but the other day since a doggerel versifier of Cumberland was recommended to the Crown for a pension by one-half of the Episcopal bench, as a poet possessing genius on a level with Burns. This lack of spiritual insight, on the part of those who patronize genius, as well as of those who cultivate it, induces us to ask, whether the absorption of the natural mind in the mechanical arts is not within the upper ranks deadening the keen sense of the beautiful in intellectual creation? If so, the balance of the mind is destroyed, and we must look out for some counteracting agent to restore the equilibrium. It is not without its bearing on the dogmatic utterances of modern critics as to the authorship of St. Paul's Epistles or St. John's Gospel.

VARNHAGEN VON ENSE's Diary continues to drag its slow but not tedious length along. The tenth volume contains the history of 1853 and part of 1854, years of stagnation in the internal affairs of Prussia, and in which her weight in the councils of Europe was at its lowest. The contrast of this state of things with the present is amusing and, in the main, highly satisfactory, both as regards the progress achieved by the only great Power, after England, from which the cause of constitutional liberty has much to expect, and the destruction of that preponderance which the Emperor of Russia's reputation as the great maintainer of "order" enabled him to exercise over the Continent. Subserviency to Russia was one main cause of the low estate of Prussia when Varnhagen wrote, and his memoirs seasonably remind us how great and necessary a work was accomplished by the Crimean war, the statesmanship of which we have of late heard so flippantly disparaged. There is less of patriotic indignation and sarcastic comment than usual in this volume of the Diary; partly, no doubt, from the dulness of domestic politics, and partly also from the growth of a milder mood in the writer himself, whose temper, highly to his credit, was rather softened than soured by the advance of age. Many passages, especially those in which reference is made to Rahel, can only be adequately characterized by a German adjective, *weich*. Some of the notices of men of letters are highly interesting, especially one of an interview with Tieck shortly before his death. Tieck on this occasion said that in composition everything depended upon the first lines, which irrevocably determined the course, the tone, and

the general character of the whole. In another place we find Varnhagen complaining of the extreme difficulty of attaining classic elegance in German. In any other language he would, he says, have been a far more voluminous author. Grote's History of Greece is enthusiastically praised as a work full of warmth and freshness, without a superfluous or careless word, a single dry passage, or any empty ostentation of learning. A saying respecting the brothers Humboldt is quoted, to the effect that they wanted no requisite of greatness, and nevertheless were not great. There is much truth in this, so far at least as Alexander von Humboldt is concerned.

Saturday Review.

THERE are Alps in Austria as well as in Switzerland, and an Alpine club, which duly publishes its annals. This publication has already reached its fourth volume. It is a handsome and substantial volume, full of information. The most interesting paper is one on the Austrian mountain lakes, which are very numerous, and apparently for the most part very picturesque. A table, digested with true German thoroughness, gives their respective length, breadth, circumference, depth, elevation, geology, the colour of their waters, and a number of interesting remarks. Anglers, as well as tourists, may derive much information from this valuable essay, which also contains many interesting particulars respecting the inhabitants of the wild and simple regions to which it refers.

Saturday Review.

From The Spectator.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S NOTE-BOOK.*

THIS book is capital lazy reading,—having enough points to attract attention and to start little jets of speculative interest, without rivetting attention, without being too interesting. It is eminently characteristic of Hawthorne,—gentle, cold, curious, almost prying at times in its microscopic gaze into the smaller phenomena of human nature, yet humane in a rather frigid way, sometimes tender, and often playful. It is curious to find that Hawthorne was a descendant of the “witch-judge,”—the Hawthorne of whom Mr. Longfellow has recently introduced a sketch into his New England tragedies. One might fancy that he had inherited not a little of the eeriness of the spiritual inquisitor without any touch of his cruelty,—except so far as a passionless curiosity which is very little agitated by sympathy, even where it is analyzing painful subjects, may popularly (and very unjustly) be confused with cruelty. But it is not only the inquisitorial side of Hawthorne's cold fancy which seems to connect him with his ancestor the “witch-judge.” There seems to have been in him a considerable vein of what would probably very unjustly be called superstition,—i.e., a special attraction towards the morbid side of mental phenomena, with, perhaps, an undue tendency to credulity. As to the credulity, we cannot say very much. It may be well that Mr. Hawthorne believed no more of the so-called *science* of mesmeric and spiritualistic phenomena than the most acute and incredulous men of his society. But that he was specially fascinated not only by these morbid phenomena, but all morbid phenomena of human nature, is proved not only by a vast number of passages in this book, but by all his most remarkable imaginative efforts;—by the *Scarlet Letter*, his greatest work, most of all,—by the *Blithedale Romance* and by *Transformation* scarcely less; again by the *House of the Seven Gables*, and all the more powerful of his minor tales. Everywhere we see an imagination which turned towards the preternatural rather than the supernatural, which gazed into, and longed to dissect, all the cases of morbid psychology within its reach, which spun out curiously and anxiously all the cobwebs of spidery feeling traceable to any misgrowth of action or secret sin. His notes are full of suggestions of morbid subjects for fiction. In one page we find a suggestion, more

cynical and less preternatural than usual, that two persons might make their wills in each others' favour, and then wait impatiently for the death of the other, till each was informed that the long-desired event had taken place, and hastening to be present at the other's funeral, they might meet each other in perfect health; in another page we find noted down, “curious to imagine what murmurings and discontent would be excited if any of the great so-called calamities of human beings were to be abolished,—as, for instance, death;”—again we have a suggestion for a new sort of reading of Boccaccio's story of Isabel, that a girl, not knowing her lover to be dead and buried in her own garden, might yet feel an indescribable impulse of attraction towards the flowers growing out of his grave, might find them of admirable splendour, beauty, and perfume, and rejoice in keeping them in her bosom and scenting her room with them. Again, on another page we have a suggested sketch of a man who tries to be happy in love, but who cannot really give his heart, or prevent the affair from seeming a pure dream;—in domestic life, in politics, in every sphere it is to be the same,—he is to seem a patriot and care nothing really for his country, only *try* to care; he is to seem the kindest of sons and brothers, but feel the whole effort unreal; in a word, he is to be wholly ‘detached’ from life, like a Roman Catholic monk or nun, but without that life in another world after which they aim. These are only a very few specimens of the fascination with which Hawthorne's fancy dwells on morbid psychology as his natural subject. There are but few pages in this book which do not afford examples of the same thing. Hawthorne seems to illustrate his contemporary and friend Dr. Holmes's theory that we are each of us a sort of physiological and psychological omnibus for bringing back our ancestors in new shapes and under different conditions to this earth. The “witch-judge,” associating himself with some more literary ancestor of Hawthorne's, reappeared in this most original of American novelists. Nathaniel Hawthorne was a novelist *because* he was an inquisitor. ‘Inquisitor and novelist,’ would describe him even better than ‘novelist and inquisitor,’—always carefully expelling, of course, all notion of torture from the inquisitorial character of his imagination.

The note-books, as is not unnatural in a mind of this cast, are, on the whole, melancholy, though there is no melancholy of a deep order. It is the melancholy of a man with a rather slow flow of blood in his

* Passages from the American Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

veins, and something like a horror of action, rather than any deep melancholy, which speaks in him. He is always sensible, but always apart from the rest of the world. There is a sort of capillary repulsion between his mind and that of the society in which he mixes, and this it is which gives a slight gloom to the general tone of his observations. "The world is so sad and solemn," he says, "that things meant in jest are liable by an overpowering influence to become dreadful earnest,—gaily dressed fantasies turning to ghostly and black-clad images of themselves." This was, no doubt, an observation founded on considerable experience of his own mental life, and any one who knows well his minor tales will be able at once to verify it from them. But though there is so much of shadow in the whole cast of his fancy, there is very little of deep pain in either his criticisms of life or his pictures of it. It was one great cause of his comparative sterility as a novelist that he had real difficulty in rising to any tragic crisis, and could scarcely do so without placing himself in a position of external observation, and writing of the passion and the suffering he introduced as striking phenomena to be analyzed, instead of throwing himself and his readers heart and soul into them. In the *Scarlet Letter* and in the *Blithedale Romance* he pictured true anguish, but more as an anatomist would lay bare a convulsive movement of the nerves, than as a poet would express passion. In many of his tales,—in the *House of the Seven Gables*, for instance,—eerie as is the subject, the movement is far too slow for imaginative effect. You feel that you are reading a study of human nature, rather than a tale. The melancholy is the meditative and microscopic melancholy of a curious and speculative intelligence; there is little of that imaginative sympathy with pain which is at the heart of all true tragedy.

The note-books give plenty of pleasant illustration of Hawthorne's peculiar, quiet, and playful humour,—that humour which springs from close, slow scrutiny of the minute points of life, and which is quite as much true criticism as humour. Take, for example, this observation on one of his children:—"One of the children drawing a cow on the black-board says, 'I'll kick this leg out a little more,' a very happy energy of expression, completely identifying herself with the cow; or perhaps as the cow's creator, conscious of full power over its movements." Or take the remark, "There is a kind of ludicrous unfitness in

the idea of a venerable rose bush. . . . apple trees, on the other hand, grow old without reproach." Or again, take the following, apparently written at a time when his wife was away, and he had no servant to look after his house:—"The washing of dishes does seem to me the most absurd and unsatisfactory business that I ever undertook. If, when once washed, they would remain clean for ever and ever (which they ought in all reason to do, considering how much trouble it is) there would be less occasion to grumble; but no sooner is it done than it requires to be done again. On the whole, I have come to the resolution not to use more than one dish at each meal." Or this, on a piece of boiled beef which he had boiled himself at great pains and trouble:—"I am at this moment superintending the corned beef which has been on the fire, as it seems to me, ever since the beginning of time, and shows no symptom of being done before the crack of doom. . . . The corned beef is exquisitely done, and as tender as a young lady's heart, all owing to my cookery. . . . To say the truth, I look upon it as such a masterpiece in its way that it seems irreverential to eat it. Things on which so much thought and labour are bestowed should surely be immortal." His humour arises, as it seems to us, in all these cases from the magnifying glass under which he views a somewhat minute phenomenon, till we see its characteristics exaggerated and caricatured in relation to the proportions of ordinary life, and partly also from the humorous but determined resistance which his mind offers to every attempt to subdue it to uncongenial habits. Thus he says elsewhere, "I went to George Hillard's office, and he spoke with immitigable resolution of the necessity of my going to dine with Longfellow before returning to Concord; but I have an almost miraculous power of escaping from necessities of this kind. *Destiny itself has often been worsted in the attempt to get me out to dinner,*" which strikes us as a stroke of true humour, and true self-knowledge, all in one. His own shy, solitary nature was so averse to any attempt to assimilate it to the temper of ordinary society, that it might truly be said that destiny itself had failed in the attempt to get him to dine out like other folks, just as the most solid masonry often fails to crush a flower, and will even be rent asunder by the upward growth of a tender plant. But besides the truth of the application to himself, there is real humour in the conception of Destiny as trying to get any man "out to dinner."

It really is what Destiny seems oftenest to insist upon, and to succeed in, in these days, in spite of enormous obstacles. Hawthorne never displayed his humour more finely than in thus depicting the same Destiny which, in the Greek drama, devotes itself to the most sublime tasks, as engaging itself, in this flaccid, and yet in some senses far *more* closely-knit, nineteenth century, in the ignoble task of bringing an irresistible pressure to bear in order to get men to go out to dinner!

On the whole, these two volumes, though not *all* interesting, form, perhaps the more on that account, one of the pleasantest books for lazy moods we have seen for some time, at least, for any one who cares to study so unique a character as Hawthorne's. There is in every page enough to excite a certain gentle expectation, in most pages some remark of real interest, in many pages very keen, acute, and curiously microscopic observations.

ARTIFICIAL SPRAY AND ITS USES.—Everybody must have seen, and most people must have used, a little toy that was exhibited a few years ago in the shops of druggists and perfumers under the name of the Perfume Vaporizer. It consisted of two glass tubes, set at right angles, and with the fine orifice of one reaching partly over the somewhat wider orifice of the other. By placing the latter vertically in a bottle of scent, and by blowing pretty strongly through the former, which would then be horizontal, two effects were produced—the vertical tube was first exhausted of its air, and then the liquid in the bottle, as it rose to fill the vacuum, was broken by the breath current into a cloud of fine spray, and diffused in the atmosphere. If the hand or face were so placed as to receive the stream of spray, a sensation of refreshing coolness was produced by its contact and its speedy evaporation, but the liquid was so finely divided or pulverized that the quantity deposited would be scarcely enough to wet the skin. This method of dispersing liquids was soon found to be of much use in medical practice, and one of its early applications was Dr. Richardson's employment of ether spray as a means of rapidly freezing the skin for the purpose of producing insensibility to pain in surgical operations. In order to keep up a continuous supply, a small hand bellows of India rubber was used as the source of the current of air, and the tubes themselves were variously modified in order to fulfil various requirements. Among other applications the spray has now been largely employed, and with great benefit, as a means of applying lotions to the eyes, nostrils, mouth, and throat, its advantages being that its fine division insures its perfect contact with the whole of the diseased surface, and that it is carried by the air to parts not accessible by ordinary means. The intricate cavities of the nose, and the parts of the throat that are below those reached by a gargle, are perfectly exposed to a current of spray, and spray has even been used as a means of introducing remedies directly into the lungs themselves. The benefit of this is, however, at present questionable; and it is for the throat, above all other parts, that spray is specially valuable.

The ordinary gargle is not only disgusting and comparatively inefficient, but it is in some cases positively injurious, because the effort of using it exerts and disturbs an inflamed part. The spray, on the other hand, only requires the patient to open his mouth. The palate is in a great degree saved from the contact of the remedy; and the absolute quantity deposited on the surface is so small that this may be of a higher concentration and power than would be possible with any liquid that was to be taken in bulk into the mouth. The ingenuity of surgeons and of mechanicians has been greatly exercised in contriving improved and inexpensive instruments for the production of spray; and in the interests of the large section of the public who suffer from occasional sore throat, we hope that in such cases the abomination of the gargle, its combined nastiness and inefficiency, will shortly be only known as traditions of the past.

Times.

"STUDIES OF BALTIC AND RUSSIAN CULTURE," by Julius Eckardt, is an attractive volume, containing a series of entertaining essays on various matters of interest relating to the Baltic provinces of Russia. Much prospective importance attaches to these regions as an inevitable bone of contention between Russia and Germany. The attempts of the ruling State to extirpate the German element are at present judiciously ignored by Prussia, but when the day arrives when the Muscovite alliance is no longer indispensable, they may possibly form the occasion of a war of races on a colossal scale. Herr Eckardt's work abounds with testimonies of the silent but deadly antagonism between the two nations. In one of the most interesting of his essays he undertakes, with no inconsiderable success, the defence of the German "colony" against those Germans who tax it with rusticity and intellectual inferiority. Judging from the number of eminent men it has produced, this charge would certainly seem to be groundless.

Saturday Review.

BOOK V. CHAPTER I.

HIGH ABOVE.

The rosebuds in the garden had opened in the spring night, and rare flowers blossomed out in the soul of the youth.

With transcendent delight, Roland welcomed his recovered teacher to the house. He went in high spirits to his mother's room, but she was so exhausted that he could not see her. He forgot Fräulein Perini's distant reserve towards him, and announced to her jubilantly, that Eric was there, and would now remain; she was just to say so to his mother.

"And have you no inquiries to make about the Chevalier?"

"No: I know that he is gone; he was not with me even when he was here. Ah, forgive me, I don't know what I am saying! O, why does not the whole world rejoice!"

Roland's rejoicing received the first check when Fräulein Perini said, that no one could estimate correctly the inconsolable distress which his mother had suffered from his flight.

The boy stood still, but he felt assured that now all would go well; that everybody must now be well and strong.

He came across Joseph in the court, and joyfully informed him that he now was acquainted with his native city; he nodded to all the servants, he greeted the horses, the trees, the dogs; all must know and rejoice in the fact that Eric was here. The servants looked at Roland in astonishment, and Bertram, the coachman, drew his long beard through the fingers of both hands, and said, —

"The young master has got, during these two days, a man's voice."

Joseph smilingly added: —

"Yes, indeed, a single day at the University has made him a different being. And what a being!"

In fact, Roland was wholly different. He returned to his home as from a voyage; yes, even as from another world: he could not comprehend how everything should appear so changed, illuminated so brightly; he had been alone with himself, and had gained possession of himself in solitude.

Eric had made no definite agreement about his salary, and Sonnenkamp said to the Major, smiling: —

"These enthusiastic Idealists have a concealed policy. The man does as people do when they are invited to dinner; they let themselves be served by the host and hostess with some nice dish, and so receive a larger share than they would have helped themselves to."

Eric had only made one demand, that he should inhabit with Roland the house-turret, remote from all noise, and furnishing an extensive prospect. This was granted, and Eric felt himself strangely free in these handsome, spacious rooms, with their outlook upon the river and the landscape:

How confined is one's life in those small, close apartments of the university-town, and yet how far the spirit can extend itself beyond that narrow enclosure! And these carpets, this elegant furniture, how soon will it become an ordinary thing, forgotten and unconsidered, like the wide view of the landscape! It seemed to Eric as free, as inspiring, and as commanding, as if — he himself laughed when the comparison came into his mind — as if he were living on horseback. We can go very comfortably over hill and vale with a light walking-staff, but to sit on horseback, and course away, with a double, triple strength united to our own, and elevating us above the ordinary level, this is a rare exhilaration.

Roland came to Eric, and he expressed to the boy his joy at the beautiful and peaceful life they would live here; but Roland begged: —

"Give me something to do, something right hard; try and think of something."

Eric perceived the boy's state of excitement; sitting down near him, he took his hand, and showed him that life seldom furnished a single deed on which one could employ the whole strength of his voluntary powers; they would work quietly and steadily, and make each other wiser and better. The boy was contented, and looked at Eric as if he would, with his eyes, draw him into his soul, and make him his own. Then he lightly touched Eric's shoulder, as if to be newly assured that he was really with him.

Now they put things in order, and Roland was glad to render all kinds of assistance. In spite of his former deliberation, Eric had entered upon the new relation so unexpectedly, and plunged into it so suddenly, that he had hardly settled upon anything. Then there was so much to be discussed with his mother, deciding what he would take with him, and what he would leave behind, that they postponed all to a future arrangement by letter.

When temporary order was established, Eric complied with Roland's request to go with him upon the platform of the tower. They sat down here, and looked about, for a long time, in every direction. Eric could not restrain himself from telling the boy how new and beautiful all life appeared to him. They had formerly built castles upon

the heights, for strife, for feuds, and for robbery of travellers upon the highway; but we, we work with the powers of nature, we endeavor to gain wealth, and then we withdraw, and place our dwelling upon an elevated site, in some lovely valley, and desire to take in only the eternal beauty, which no one can take away. The great river becomes a highway, along which industrious and noble men erect their habitations. The generations after us will be obliged to say that, at this time, men began to pay loyal homage to nature, as had never before been paid in the history of humanity; this is a new religion, even if it has no outward form, and shall never acquire any.

"Go on speaking, go on, on further," said Roland, nestling up to Eric; he could not say that he would like to hear just the sound of his voice; he closed his eyes and cried again: "Go on speaking!"

Eric understood the imploring call, and went on to relate, how, when he stood for the first time upon the Righi, looking at the setting sun, he had been impressed with the thought whether there might not be some form, some service, by which the devotional feelings of these assembled spectators, in this temple of nature, might find expression. He had learned that this was impossible, and perhaps was not needful: nature imparts to each one a joy of his own, and joy in nature to each a private feeling of devotion, in which no others can share. Then extolling the happiness of being able thus in one's own house, on a tower erected by one's self, to appropriate the world, and the beauty of the earth, he showed how wealth, its pursuit, and its possession might be the basis of a grand moral and social benefit. Riches, he explained, were only a result of freedom, of the unfettered employment of activities, and must have only freedom as their resultant product.

Roland was happy; he did not comprehend the whole, but he felt, for the first time, that wealth was neither to be despised nor to be gloried in. All his teachers, hitherto, had endeavored to impress upon him either the one view or the other.

Joseph came to the tower, and asked whether Eric and Roland wished to dine together in their room; he was answered in the affirmative. They were happy, sitting together, and Roland cried:—

"We two dwell upon an island; and if I ever live in the castle, you must also live with me. Do you know what one thing more I want?"

"How! you want one thing more?"

"Yes; Manna ought to be with us.

Don't you think she is now thinking of us?"

"Probably not of me."

"Yes, indeed! I have written to her about you, and this evening I am going to write again, and tell her everything."

Eric was puzzled, for a moment: he did not know what he ought to do. Ought he to restrain the boy from writing about him? There was no reason for doing so, and he would not disturb Roland's impartial candor.

CHAPTER II.

A SPIRIT'S VOICE BY NIGHT.

ROLAND was writing in his room, and, as he wrote, frequently uttering the words aloud to himself. Eric sat silent, looking at the lamp. What was the use now of wishing? He stood in front of the unpacked books; there were but few. During the last fifteen minutes before going to the train, he had gone once more into his father's study, and looked up the papers left by him; glancing his eye around the library, he took down a book, the first volume of Sparks's handsome edition of the works of Benjamin Franklin. This volume contained the autobiography and the continuation of the life. Some leaves were inserted in the handwriting of his father.

And now he read, on this the first night of his new occupation, these words, —

"Look at this! Here is a real man, the genius of sound understanding and of steadfast will. Electricity is always here in the atmosphere, but does not concentrate itself and become visible lightning.

"This is genius. Genius is nothing but electricity collected in the atmosphere of the soul.

"With this book a man would not be alone, if he were alone on an island; he would be in the midst of the world.

"No philosopher, no poet, no statesman, no artisan, no member of the learned professions, and yet all of these combined in one; a pet son, with Nature for his mother and Experience for his nurse; an outcast son, who, without scientific guidance, finds by himself all medicinal herbs in the wild woods.

"If I had a youth to educate, not for any special calling, but that he might become a genuine man and a good citizen, I would place my hands upon his head and say, 'My son, become like Benjamin Franklin—no, —not this; develop thine own being, as Benjamin Franklin developed his.'"

Eric rested his chin upon his hand, and gazed out into the darkness of the night.

What is that? Are there miracles in our life? He looked to the right and to the left, as if he must have heard the voice of his father; as if he had not written, but was speaking the words, — My son, become like Benjamin Franklin!

Eric, with great effort, continued his reading:—

"It is indeed well for us to form ourselves after the first men of the old world, the period of generative, elementary existence; the characters of the Bible and of Homer are not the creations of a single, highly endowed mind, but they are the embodiments of the primitive, national spirit in distinct forms, and embrace a far wider compass than the span of individual existence.

"Understand me well. I say, I know in modern history no other man, according to whose method of living and thinking a man of our day can form himself, except Benjamin Franklin.

"Why not Washington, who was so great and pure?

"Washington was a soldier and a statesman, but he was not an original discoverer of the world within himself, and an unfold of that world from his own inner being. He exerted influence by ruling and guiding others; Franklin, by ruling and guiding himself.

"When the time shall ever come, and it will come, that battles shall be spoken of as in this day we speak of cannibals; when honorable, industrious, humane labors shall constitute the history of humanity, then Franklin will be acknowledged.

"I would not willingly fall into that sanctimonious tone, the remnant of pulpit oratory, that comes out in us whenever we approach the eternal sanctities; and I hope our tone must be wholly different from that of those who claim to speak in the name of a spirit which they themselves do not possess.

"God manifested himself to Moses, Jesus, Mohammed in the solitude of the desert; to Spinoza in the solitude of the study; to Franklin in the solitude of the sea." (This last clause was stricken out, and then again inserted.) "Franklin is the man of sober understanding, who knows nothing of enthusiasm.

"The world would not have much beauty if all human beings were like Franklin; his nature is wholly destitute of the romantic element, (to be expressed differently," was written in the margin, and attention called to it by a cross.) "but the world would have uprightness, truthfulness, industriousness, and helpfulness. Now they use the word love, and take delight in their beautiful

sentiments; but you are permitted to speak about love when you have satisfied those four requirements." (This last sentence was underlined with red ink.)

"In Franklin there is something of Socrates, and there is specially noticeable a happy vein of humor; Franklin enjoys also a good laugh.

"Franklin is, through and through, good prose, intelligible, transparent, compact.

"We do not have to educate geniuses in the world. Every genius trains himself, and can have no other trainer. In the world we have to form substantial, energetic members of the common weal. What thou dost specially, whether thou makest shoe-pegs or marble statues, is not my business but thine.

"We shall never be in a right position in regard to the world, if we do not believe in purity, in the noblest motives; the inmost of humanity is revealed to us only on this condition. There is no better coat-of-mail against assaults, than faith in the good which others do, and which one is to do himself; one hears then, within, the inspiring tones of martial music, and marches with light and free step onward through the contest of life.

"It is the distinguishing and favorable feature in Franklin's life, that he is the self-made man; he is self-taught, and has discovered by himself the forces of nature and the treasures of science; he is the representative of those, who, transplanted from Europe to America and in danger of deterioration and decay, attained a wholly new development.

"If we could have, like antiquity, a mythological embodiment of that world which is called America, which carried with it the gods of Europe, — I mean those historical ideas which the colonists carried over with them, and yet freely adopted into their own organic life, — would you have these ideas embodied in a human form? — here stands Benjamin Franklin. He was wise, and no one taught him; he was religious, and had no church; he was a lover of men, and yet knew very well how bad they were.

"He not only knew how to draw the lightning from the clouds, but also the stormy elements of passion from the tempers of men; he has laid hold of those prudential maxims which are a security against destruction, and which fit one for self-guidance.

"The reason why I should take him for a master and a guide in the education of a human being, is this: — he represents the simple, healthy, human understanding, the firmly established and the safe; not the erratic spirit of genius, but those virtues of

head and of heart which steadily and quietly promote man's social happiness and his moral well-being.

"Luther was the conqueror of the middle ages; Franklin is the first in modern times to make himself. The modern man is no longer a martyr; Luther was none, and Franklin still less. No martyrdom.

"Franklin has introduced into the world no new maxim, but he has expressed with simplicity those which an honest man can find in himself.

"In what Franklin is, and in what he imparts, there is nothing peculiar, nothing exciting, nothing surprising, nothing mysterious, nothing brilliant nor dazzling; it is the water of life, the water which all creatures stand in need of." (Here it was written on the margin, — "Deep springs are yet to be bored for, and to be found here). The man of the past eighteenth century had no idea of the people, could have none, for it was wrung and refined out of the free thinking that prevailed even to the very end of the century, even to the revolution.

"He who creates anew stands in a strange and hostile, or, at least, independent attitude towards that which already exists.

"Franklin is the son of this age; he recognizes only the in-born worth of men, not the inherited. (Deeper boring is yet to be done here)."

With paler ink, evidently later, it was written, —

"It is not by chance, that this first not only free-thinking, — for many philosophers were this, — but also free-acting man was a printer.

"In the sphere of books lies not the heroism, — I believe that the period of heroic development is past, — but the manhood of the new age.

"Because our influence is exerted through books, there can be no longer any grand, personal manifestation of power." (Here were two interrogation-points and two exclamation-points in brackets, and there was written in pencil across this last remark, — "This can be better said.")

Then at the conclusion there was written in blue ink, —

"Abstract rules can form no character, no human being, and can create no work of art. The living man, and the concrete work of art contain all rules, as language contains all grammar, and these are the good and the beautiful.

"He who knows the real men who have preceded him, so that they live again in him, enters into their circle; he sets his foot upon the holy ground of existence, he

is consecrated through the predecessors who trode it before him."

And again, in a trembling hand, there was written, at a late period, clear across the previous writing: —

"Whoever takes a part in the up-building of the State and the community, whoever fills an office and makes laws, whoever stands in the midst of the science of his time, becomes antiquated in the course of the new civilization that succeeds him; he is not, by virtue of his position, an archetypal pattern of the coming age. He only is so, who discerns, clears up, lays hold of and establishes anew, those eternal laws of the human spirit, which are the same from the beginning and throughout all time; therefore Franklin is not a pattern, but rather a method."

And now, finally, came the words, which were twice underlined: —

"My last maxim is this: — 'Organic life, abstract laws!' We can make brandy out of grain, but not grain out of brandy. He who understands that, has all that I have to say."

Eric had read so far, and now he leaned back, and endeavored to form an idea of his father's thought, and to catch the whole meaning of these often half-expressed utterances.

He felt as if he were walking upon a mountain-top in the midst of clouds, and yet seeing the path and the goal.

He placed his hand upon the manuscript leaves, and a happy smile came over his countenance; then he arose, and almost laughed aloud, for the expression of the architect, on his arrival, occurred to him.

"We have it!"

"Yes," he cried, "I have it, I have the spring, from which clear, sparkling water shall flow forth for Roland and for me."

He found no rest; he opened the window, and looked out for a long time on the night. The air was full of the fragrance of roses, the sky full of the glory of stars; occasionally a nightingale sang, and then ceased, while in the distance, where the river was dammed up, the frogs kept up a noisy croaking.

Now Eric heard a man's voice — it is the voice of Pranken below on the balcony — which was saying in a loud tone, —

"We attach much, too much importance to it. Such a family-tutor ought properly to wear a livery; that would be the best."

"You are very merry to-day," replied Sonnenkamp.

"On the contrary, very serious; the sacred order of things, without which neither

society nor the state can exist, has a sure support in the differences of rank being maintained, if each one shows his particular class. Service —”

Eric closed the window softly; he deemed it unworthy to listen.

The nightingales sang outside in the thicket, and the frogs croaked in the swamp.

“Each sings in its own way,” said Eric to himself, as he thought of the cheering words of his father, and the expression of the young baron.

CHAPTER III.

THE OLD UNDER A NEW FACE.

ON the morning, Roland wanted to ride before doing any thing else; but Eric, whose maxim was that the day could be consecrated only by taking some good influence into the soul, made him read aloud the first chapter of Benjamin Franklin's autobiography. This was the dedicatory act of their new occupation, and when they were called to breakfast, both were very animated. They could take an equal satisfaction with Fräulein Perini, who returned from mass with Herr von Pranken.

Eric had not mistaken, Pranken was there. He greeted Eric with a sort of studied respectfulness, but he fulfilled, after his way, the demands of sincerity; whilst he, as a man who has nothing to conceal, openly acknowledged that he had frequently thought it would be better that Eric should not enter upon the position, with great decision, and in a tone of satisfaction, he added to this, that there were mysterious presentiments in the soul, which we must humbly acknowledge; and so this self-willed act of Roland's was the finger of fate, which laid upon Eric, as upon all the others, the duty of compliance.

Eric looked at Pranken in utter amazement. He had mistaken this man; Pranken brought forward principles of conduct which he should never have supposed, nor would now have attributed to him.

The breakfast passed off cheerfully; the amusement was at the Major's expense, more indeed while absent, than while present. He had naturally narrated to Pranken the terrors of the extra train, and Pranken knew how to tell the story again very much to their entertainment; he could imitate the Major's thick way of talking, and Fräulein Milch was always spoken of as Fräulein Milch with the black eyes and the white cap.

After breakfast, Eric requested Herr Sonnenkamp that he and Roland might, for

the future, be excused from this breakfasting in common, and might be left alone together until dinner-time.

Sonnenkamp looked at him with surprise. Eric explained that he asked this on the first day, in order that there might be no precedent of custom established. It was thoroughly needful to keep Roland undisturbed, and in a persistent determination; this could only be done by leaving to them at least half of the day, and the freshness of the morning. Sonnenkamp agreed to it, shrugging his shoulders.

At breakfast it had been casually mentioned that Bella and Clodwig would dine with them to-day.

Eric saw at once the chief difficulty of his calling, which lay in the liability of diversions becoming interruptions. He drew a line of demarkation between himself and all the household, especially Sonnenkamp, which was not expressly defined, but yet could not be overstepped; and this was so much the more difficult, as Eric was not taciturn, and readily entered into the discussion of all matters. But what was this line? There was a something in him which said to each one that he must not ask more than Eric was ready, on his part, to answer. He labored with Roland, and found out where the boy was well-grounded in knowledge, where there was only a partial deficiency, and where there was total ignorance.

A carriage drove into the court. Roland looked towards Eric. He did not appear to have heard the rattling wheels.

“Your friends have arrived,” said Roland. He avoided saying that he himself was very impatient to greet Clodwig and Bella, and, under the form of a reprimand, to receive praise for executing the bold deed. But Eric insisted that they had no friends except duty; that there was nothing and nobody there for them until they had performed their duty.

Roland clasped his hands tightly together under the table, and compelled himself to be quiet.

Suddenly, in the midst of a mathematical axiom, he said, —

“Excuse me, they have fastened Griffin by a chain, I know it by his bark; they must not do it: it spoils him.”

“Let Griffin and everything else alone; all must wait,” Eric said, maintaining his stand.

Boland pranced like a horse who feels the rein and spurs of the rider.

Soon, however, Eric went with Roland down into the court. Roland was right; Griffin was chained. He loosed him, and

both boy and dog seemed unchained, madly sporting together.

Bella was with Frau Ceres.

A servant informed Eric that Count Clodwig was expecting him. Clodwig came to meet Eric with great cordiality, greeted him as a neighbor, and rejoiced that the boy had exhibited so much energy.

"If we were living in the ancient times," he added, "the boy would have received a new name from this exploit." What Clodwig said of Roland was, at the same time, noble in sentiment and good in the manner of expression.

When they were at the dinner-table, Eric heard in what way Bella jested with Roland; the boy was beaming with delight, for Bella told him of the hero, Roland.

Eric was greeted in a friendly but measured way, by Bella; she called him repeatedly, "Herr Neighbor," and was extremely unconstrained. It could seem to her now as a laughable piece of prudery and timidity, that she had endeavored at one time to exert an influence to remove Eric from the vicinity. Had then the man made an unusual impression upon her? It appeared to her now like a dream, like a mistake.

Eric had thought of this first meeting with a sort of anxiety; now he chided also his vanity.

"Shall you have the library of your father brought here?" asked Clodwig.

Eric replied affirmatively, and Bella stared at him. He knew now why Bella had been so indifferent and unconcerned; he had received money from her husband, and he now ranked, therefore, very differently in her estimation.

At dinner he saw Frau Ceres again, for the first time; and when he went to her, she said in a very low tone, "I thank you," but nothing further; the words were very significant.

They were in good spirits at table. They thought that the journey would be a benefit to Frau Ceres. It would be a suitable preparation for the journey to the baths. One and another day was named for setting out.

Eric did not know what this meant; Roland saw his inquiring look, and said to her in a low tone, —

"We are all going to see Manna, and bring her back to journey with us to the baths. This will be jolly and fine."

Eric experienced anew that the chief difficulty of a life so abounding in means and so unconfined by regular duties was, that every one in the family, and the boy especially, was living either in the reaction from some

dissipating amusement, or in the expectation of engaging in it. He would wait quietly, until the question was asked him, in order then to make his resolute decision of some account.

After dinner it happened, as if by chance, that Bella walked with Eric. She first told him how happy Clodwig was that Eric was to remain now in his neighborhood, and then suddenly standing still, and with a furtively watchful look, she said, —

"You will shortly see Fräulein Sonnenkamp again."

"I?"

"Yes. You journey with us, do you not?"

"No one has so informed me."

Bella smiled.

"But surely you will be glad to see Fräulein Sonnenkamp again?"

"I did not know that it was she when I met her."

Bella smiled again, and said, —

"I have seen enough of the world to have no prejudice. The daughter of the house and my brother Otto — Ah, you know well enough what I wish to say."

"No, gracious lady, you give me credit for too much wisdom."

"It should offend me if you are reserved towards me, and are on such intimate terms with the outside acquaintances of the family. The Major's housekeeper boasts of your being her favorite, and yet do you know nothing of the private betrothal?"

"Not until this moment. I offer my congratulations, and I am proud, gracious lady, that you initiate me with such confidence into your family affairs."

"Do you know," cried Bella quickly, "do you know that I promise myself a great deal of pleasure from you?"

"From me? What can I do?"

"That is not my meaning, to speak in direct terms. I have thought a great deal about you. You are of an impulsive disposition, but you are still an enigma to me, and I hope that I also am to you."

"I had not allowed myself, indeed."

"I allow you to allow yourself. Then, Herr Captain, or Herr Doctor, or Herr Dournay, but, at any rate, Herr Neighbor, we will make a contract. I shall try to resolve for myself the contradictions and oddities of your nature, and make such investigations as I am able to; on the other hand, I allow you to do the same with me. Do you not find this attractive?"

"Attractive and dangerous."

Bella straightened herself up, and Eric continued: —

"Dangerous for me, for you know what friend Hamlet says, that if our deserts are known, 'who can escape a whipping?'"

"I am glad that you are not polite, but neither should you be diffident."

"I mean, that it might be dangerous for me, not for you."

"I am too proud to sell, or to throw away politeness, as the Austrian proverb says."

"I am glad that you are too proud for it too."

"And now tell me in what way you saw Manna, and how she appeared to you."

Eric narrated the casual meeting, and how he had first learned her name through the daughter of the Justice.

"Ah, indeed, indeed, Lina," said Bella, and her fingers moved very rapidly, as if she were playing a piano in the air. It was an agreeable recreation to look upon the playing of this sentimental game, for Lina had a decided penchant for Otto. But the naive Innocence knew very well that Otto had a preference for Manna, and it was not so very bad a plan to introduce to Manna so handsome a suitor as Eric.

While Bella was walking with Eric, Pranken had taken Roland very confidently by the hand, and visited with him the stables and the young dogs; then he led him into an unfrequented part of the park, very remote from the road. Their talk was very naturally about Eric, and Roland could not find words to tell how all-wise and all-good he was. Pranken rebuked, with a stern countenance, the application of such words to a human being, and he impressed very strenuously upon him, that he could learn much from the worldly man that would be advantageous to him in the world, but there was a highest which he was not to entrust to him, and wherein he was to be in no way obedient.

And now he spoke of Manna. There was an expression of devotion in his words, as well as in his tone. He took the book, which he always carried over his heart, out of his breast-pocket, and showed Roland the exact place which Manna reads to-day; by running away, Roland had let several days slip without reading the same passages, but he could now catch up by diligence. But, more than all, Herr Dournay need know nothing of it, for no one of a different faith should step between Roland and his God.

Pranken seated himself with Roland under a great nut-tree, by the road, and read aloud some expressive passages. The boy looked at him in wonderment. The Wine-chevalier rode by; he called out a greeting

to Pranken, but the latter returned it with only a friendly wave of the hand, and continued his reading.

It was like a release to Roland when Bella and Eric came along, engaged in a merry, jesting conversation. He called to them, and shortly after joined Eric; and Bella went by the side of her brother, who twirled his moustaches and surveyed his handsome boots. When Eric and Roland had departed, Pranken straightened himself up, and began to appeal directly to Bella's conscience for coquetting and trifling thus with a young man.

Bella stood still, seemingly at a loss whether to laugh at her brother or sharply reprove him; but she concluded in favor of the former course, and ridiculed the new convert.

"Ah," she cried, "you are very properly afraid that this Herr Dournay will be pleasing to the glorified Manna, and you suppose the same in regard to me. You have just hit it. The man has something bewitching for us women, provided we are shut up in the bonds of wedlock, or in a convent."

Pranken did not fall in with this tone; he repeated, that every jest, every act of trifling, bordered upon a sin, and jesting was liable to remove imperceptibly the boundary line. He was so zealous, that he took the book out of his breast-pocket, and read aloud to Bella a passage having reference to the subject.

Bella looked with astonishment when Otto exhibited so pious a book: she pointed out to her brother, meanwhile, what impregnable virtue was; she made fun of the young man, who had a truly revolting self-confidence. Moreover, Otto could be wholly at rest, if there was the appearance of an understanding between her and Eric; yes, she would willingly make, so far, a sacrifice for him; her virtue would be secure from every misconception, and she would assume this appearance, in order to free Otto from a dangerous rival.

"I am, indeed, in earnest," she concluded. "Are the good to deny to themselves a friendly intercourse, because the bad conceal under this appearance all kinds of baseness? That would be a world turned upside down; that would be the subjection of the good to the evil."

Bella was not aware, or she did not think it worth while to take note of it, that she here set forth a remark of her husband. Pranken looked at her with surprise. Was he, in fact, misled by his newly awakened zeal, or was this only a nicely-woven veil, a mere outside show of virtue? He was in

perplexity; he was at a loss what to say in reply to this jesting and playful tone, to these insinuous and flexible evasions of his sister.

CHAPTER IV.

A FRUSTRATED PLAN.

ERIC found great difficulty in keeping his pupil steadily at his lessons, so completely was he taken up with the thought of the journey.

The day came for the journey to the convent; it was a bright day of sunshine.

Eric requested that he might remain behind; Sonnenkamp immediately agreed, adding kindly that it would probably be agreeable to Eric to have a few quiet days alone. This considerateness appeared very friendly to Eric, who returned it by saying that it should be his endeavor not to estrange Roland from his family.

Franken drove over with his sister, and Bella told Eric that Clodwig sent a message, begging for his company during their absence. Eric became thus aware, for the first time, that he had never been expected to join the party; he immediately stifled the sensitive feelings arising from this, as well as from some other occurrences. Roland alone urged him pressingly to go with them, saying, unreservedly, —

“Manna will be very much vexed if you do not come; she ought to see you too.”

Sonnenkamp smiled oddly at this entreaty, and Franken turned away to conceal his features.

Roland took a most affectionate leave of Eric; it was the first time that he was to be parted from him for hours and through the night: he promised, meanwhile, to tell Manna much about him. Something unusual must have been passing in the boy's mind, for just at the moment of departure, he said to Eric, —

“You and the house, you don't go away from your place.”

Eric pressed his hand warmly.

They drove to the steamboat in three carriages. Franken with Frau Ceres, Sonnenkamp with Fräulein Perini and Bella, and, in the third carriage, Roland and the servants.

They drove a short distance up the river to take the boat, and as they afterwards shot quickly past the Villa, Eric was standing on the beautiful, wooded hill, whence there was a view down the stream, where the mountains seemed to meet to compel the river to spread out into a lake. Roland waved his hat from the boat, and Eric an-

swered the greeting in the same way, saying to himself, —

“Farewell, boy dear to my heart.”

Whoever understands the meaning of the fact that Eric could not send a greeting into the distance, where it was inaudible, without speaking an earnest word of love, — whoever understands this, has the key to the depths of Eric's character.

The boat puffed by, the waves in its wake plashed for a while against the shore, and tossed the pretty pleasure-boat up and down, then all was still again. The steamboat shot down the stream, and the party on board was very cheerful. Franken occupied himself with special attentions to Frau Ceres, who, wrapped in fine shawls, sat on the deck.

Roland had received permission to take Griffin with him. All on board were struck by the handsome boy, and many expressed their admiration aloud.

For a short distance the Wine-count and his son, the Wine-chevalier, travelled with them. The old gentleman, a tall, distinguished-looking man, wore his red ribbon in his button-hole; the young man was very much pleased to meet Franken there, and especially happy to be able to salute Frau Bella.

Towards Sonnenkamp and his family both these old inhabitants had hitherto borne themselves with some reserve; to-day they seemed to wish to change this reserve for a more friendly manner, but Sonnenkamp held back, not choosing that they should make advances to him now that they saw him in a position of honor; and he was evidently relieved when they left the steamer, at the second stopping-place, where there was a large Water-cure establishment. On the landing stood the steward of the prince's household with his invalid son, waiting for the two gentlemen. Bella received a most respectful bow from his Excellency, and she told Herr Sonnenkamp, as they went on their way, that it was almost a settled matter, that the daughter of the rich wine-merchant was to marry the invalid son of the steward.

The day was bright and clear; hardly a breath of wind blew upon the swiftly-moving boat. Roland frequently overheard some one whispering half aloud to some passenger, newly come on board, “There is the rich American, who is worth ten millions.”

A special table was laid on deck for Sonnenkamp's party, and Joseph had it ornamented with flowers and brightly-polished wine-coolers. Sonnenkamp's servants, in their coffee-colored livery, waited on them.

At table Roland asked, —

"Father, is it true, that you are worth ten millions?"

"People have not yet counted my money," replied Sonnenkamp, smiling; "at all events you will have enough to allow you to order such a dinner as we have to-day."

The boy did not seem satisfied with this answer, and Sonnenkamp added, —

"My son, one is rich only by comparison."

"Mark the words, rich only by comparison," repeated Pranken; "that's a fine expression; it includes a whole balance-sheet."

Sonnenkamp smiled; he was always pleased when any one dwelt on an expression of his with special emphasis.

"Ah, travelling is so pleasant, so jolly, if we only had Eric with us!" cried Roland.

No one answered. The boy seemed unusually talkative, for as the champagne was opened, and Bella proposed Manna's health, he said to Pranken, —

"You ought to marry Manna."

The ladies gave an odd look at the two men; Roland had given utterance to the wish of all. He became more and more the central object of the conversation and the jesting, and more and more talkative and extravagant; he uttered the wildest nonsense, and at last complied with Pranken's request that he would imitate the candidate Knopf. He smoothed his hair back, took snuff from his left hand, which he held like a snuff-box, and constantly tapped; he suddenly assumed a perfectly strange voice and expression, as, in a stiff, wooden manner, he declaimed the fourth conjugation, and the precepts of Pythagoras, with a mixture of all sorts of other things.

"Now can you mimic Herr Dournay?" asked Pranken.

Roland was struck dumb. A stony look came into his face, as if he had seen some monster; then he grew suddenly calm, and looked at Pranken as if he would annihilate him, saying, —

"I will never again imitate Candidate Knopf, that I vow from this day forth."

The boy, who was excited by wine and by talking, became suddenly quiet, and disappeared, so that the servants had to be sent in search of him. He was found on the forward deck with his dog, great tears in his eyes; he allowed himself to be led back to his friends without opposition, but he continued silent.

The steamboat glided on and on; the vineyards glowed in the midday sunshine, and soon it was said, —

"Only two more stops, then comes the convent."

Roland went back to his dog, and said, —

"Griffin, now we are going to Manna; aren't you glad?"

It was still high noon when they landed by the weeping-willows on the shore, and entered the refreshing shade of the park which surrounded the convent. The servants were left in a large inn on the other bank of the river.

No one was on the shore awaiting the travellers, although their coming had been announced beforehand.

"Manna not here?" asked Sonnenkamp as he sprang ashore, and the fierce look, which he generally knew how to conceal, came into his face.

Frau Ceres only turned her head towards him, and he became gentle and mild.

"I only hope the good child is not sick," he added, in a tone which would have suited a hermit doing penance.

They went to the convent, whose doors were closed; the church alone was open, and a nun, with veiled face, was prostrate in prayer, while the bright sunshine sparkled out of doors. The visitors, who had crossed the threshold, drew quietly back; they rang at the convent door, and the portress opened it. Herr Sonnenkamp inquired whether Fräulein Hermanna Sonnenkamp were well; the portress answered in the affirmative, and added, that if they were her parents, the Superior begged them to come to her in the parlor. Sonnenkamp asked Bella, Pranken, and Fräulein Perini to wait in the garden; he wished Roland to stay with them, but the boy said, —

"No, I'm going with you."

His mother took his hand and spoke for the first time.

"Very well, you can stay with me."

Griffin remained outside. Roland and his parents were shown into the presence of the Superior, who received them with a very friendly and dignified bearing. She asked a sister who was with her to leave them alone, and then requested the visitors to be seated. It was cool and pleasant in the large room, where hung pictures of saints painted on a gold background.

"What is the matter with our daughter?" asked Sonnenkamp at last, breathing deeply.

"Your child, whom we may call our child also, — for we love her no less than you do, — is quite well; she is generally yielding and patient too, but sometimes she shows an incomprehensible self-will, amounting almost to stubbornness."

A rapid flash from Sonnenkamp's eyes fell upon his wife, who looked at him and

moved her upper lip very slightly. The Superior did not notice this, for while she spoke she either closed her eyes or kept them cast down; she quietly continued, —

"Our dear Manna refuses to see her parents, unless they will promise beforehand that she may remain with us at the convent through the winter; she says that she does not yet feel herself strong enough to enter the world."

"And you have granted her this condition?" asked Sonnenkamp, as he ran his hand through his white neck-handkerchief, and loosened it.

"We have nothing to grant to her; you are her parents, and have unconditional power over your child."

"Of course," burst out Sonnenkamp, "of course, if her thoughts are influenced — but I beg your pardon, I interrupted you."

"By no means, I have finished; you have to decide whether you will agree to the condition beforehand; you have full parental power. I will call one of the sisters to conduct you to Manna's cell; it is not locked. I have only performed the child's commission, now act according to your own judgment."

"Yes, that I will do, and she shall not stay here an hour longer!"

"If her mother has any voice in the matter," began Frau Ceres.

Sonnenkamp looked at her as if some speechless piece of furniture had spoken, and Frau Ceres continued, not to him, but to the superior, —

"I declare as her mother that we will lay no compulsion upon her; I grant her this condition."

Sonnenkamp started up and clutched the back of a chair; there was a violent struggle within him, but suddenly he said, in a most gentle tone, —

"Roland, go now to Herr von Pranken."

Roland was forced to leave the convent, his heart beating fast. There was his sister in a room above; what was to happen to her? Why could he not go to her, embrace and kiss her, and play with her long dark hair as he used to do? He went out of doors, but not to Pranken; he entered the open church, and there he knelt and prayed with deep fervor. He could not have said for what he prayed, but he asked for peace and beauty, and suddenly, as he looked up, he started back; there was the great picture of St. Anthony of Padua, and, wonderful to say, this picture resembled Eric, — the noble, beautiful face was Eric's.

The boy gazed long at it; at last he laid his head on his hands, and — blessed power of youth! — he fell asleep.

THE German Shakspeare Society, to which we are indebted for so many valuable illustrations of the poet, has lost its able president, Friedrich Bodenstedt, whose place, however, is well filled by his successor, Karl Elze, and the third annual volume exhibits no perceptible falling off. One of the contributions to it, indeed — the essay on Richard III., by W. Oechelhäuser — is perhaps the most remarkable ever published by the Society. The character of Richard is analysed with rare discrimination, and many points raised by commentators are satisfactorily met and disposed of. It is a crying sin of critics to attribute to Shakspeare all kinds of political and philosophical tendencies, from which he was entirely exempt. Fortunately for himself, he wrote for a simple public, for which the mere representation of action as it had been, or might have been, was sufficient. Except for the sake of paying an occasional compliment to the sovereign, he had no temptation to introduce allusions to political matters. Political fiction hardly existed in his day, and, as the Puritans kept aloof from the theatre, he was as little compelled as inclined to trouble himself with religious controversies. One thing, indeed, was expected from him, the

glorification of his native country, and there his own feelings fully corresponded to those of his audience. Beyond this, scarcely any trace of political sentiment can be found in his plays, except a good-humoured contempt for the inconsistency of the populace, and this was not derived from speculation, but from observation. He drew men as he found them. Dr. Ulrici writes on a subject usually avoided by Shakspearian critics — the defects of the poet. He does not seem to have discovered anything very new, or very terrible, but his paper is of service as showing that the Society is not run away with by a blind admiration. Other valuable essays are those on *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, and the very interesting account of the representation of Shakspeare's plays at Meiningen under the management of Bodenstedt.

Saturday Review.

THE Burlington Fine Arts Club will open an Exhibition of Oriental Porcelain in April, May, and June.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRET OF THE SEA.

LATE in the evening of the following day, Henry Hurst returned to his lodgings in London.

He had wandered about from place to place for many hours. Unbearable bodily restlessness was the first sensation of which he became fully conscious, after the keen horror and terror with which the crime he had committed inspired him, had given place to the strong instinct of self-preservation under which he had spoken to the servant at Bateman's cottage. To tire his physical powers out so completely that he should not be able to feel either horror or fear, to produce such weariness as should utterly overpower every other sensation, to postpone thought and memory indefinitely — this was his aim, if he could be said to have an aim at first. And he succeeded. Late on the night which followed that summer morning, when the coast of Carbury had looked beautiful, and the sea had sparkled in the sunshine, he had reached London, on foot, carrying his carpet-bag, and had put up at an obscure tavern near Shoreditch. He had thrown himself upon a bed in a dingy room, and, to his astonishment, sleep had fallen upon him quickly, — on him whose dread all the day had been that he should never sleep again; or sleeping, in exhaustion of the body, should see a dead face, and hear a voice which he had silenced for ever. But it was not so; he slept, and he did not dream. He was young and strong, and sleep meant rest to him, at all events as yet.

But the waking? For a few minutes he did not realise to what he had awakened. Then it came back to him, and with it, the longing, the desperate necessity for movement. He could do anything but remain quiet, he could endure anything but immobility. If this should be discovered, if he should be suspected, and they should take him, he would be shut up in prison, and he could not move about then! How dreadful, how horrible to think of! — his thoughts went no further, his fears did not go beyond that point, and they were but feeble even up to it. But his mind was altogether working feebly; he ought to be able to look at all that had occurred, in detail, to think it over and to arrange it, to decide on the exact course that was to be pursued, and to bring his judgment to bear upon it. He ought to be able to do all this, but he was not; in spite of all his efforts his thoughts were vague, and the rebellious

fancy and memory within him persisted in presenting him with pictures of the past, rather than plans for the future. Was there remorse, was there repentance, in those wandering, weary thoughts of his? He could not tell, — probably not; neither had come to him yet.

At times he did not believe, he did not realise, that he had done this awful thing. Something terrible had happened, but he did not perfectly comprehend its nature.

Then again he understood it, realised it, and even found himself thinking how easy it had been after all. She was dead, and he had killed her. She was young and strong, and she had fought for her life; but he had killed her, and easily. Was it he alone who had done it, or had something beside himself, a being stronger and fiercer, lent him subtle strength and fierceness, and helped him? He thought it must be so; he remembered the sudden rush of passion, the swift, murderous impulse, — surely not like him, not of his own producing, his own nature only, — and something like belief in the doctrines he had treated with all the contempt due to childish fables, which arrogant impostors strove to impose upon the intelligence of grown men, came into his soul. He did not believe in God; but this crime which he had committed, and the manner of it, the suddenness of it, the folly of it, made him believe in the devil.

He had risen early, and left the tavern where he slept. He could not go home yet, — not just yet. He must think this out first, and he could not think it out yet. He must arrange it in his mind. So he turned away again from the town, and struck into the Greenwich-road. During a great part of the time, when he was walking rapidly, as if with a set and important purpose, his mind was almost a blank; then again it was occupied with a series of pictures. By degrees these pressed on him, and distracted him by their number and the rapidity with which they succeeded each other.

He sat down at length under a tree in Greenwich-park, and forced his mind to fulfil the task he had set it. When he had thought it all out, when he had decided what his immediate course would be, he should have so much to do, so important and urgent a part to play, that he should not be haunted with these vague glimpses, teased with these questions. And he did force his mind to obey him; but even then he did not get rid of his fancy. There was a double process going on in his brain, — the process of thought and the process of representation. Steadily he forced himself

to remember all that had occurred; but this was what he saw.

The waves bore her out of the Long Hole to the open sea—bore her gently, not roughly; the water had been dreadfully calm and still (he was sure, if he had looked down into the cleft where it flowed so smoothly, he must have seen her); and the gentle break against the shore had hardly sounded louder than the lapping of a thirsty dog. It was long before she was out in the far, far distance, and then she did not sink out of sight completely, but was swayed about gently; and the sun and the stars could see her,—human eyes might see her too, perhaps, lying calmly in the water,—he never could perceive that she sank to the bottom, or was lost in the awful multitudinous sea. He could not discern the face, it was veiled in the golden hair; but the form floated onward, onward, until the land was lost in the distance, and the immensity of the ocean was around. Sea-birds swooped near it, and long, rolling, white-crested waves came grandly up from the horizon, and burst into countless undulations over it; but they did not overwhelm it,—no nearer the surface, no nearer the depth, that waif which he had flung upon the ocean floated ever on and on, and his fancy, inexorably coerced, followed it.

How long was he to follow her in his fancy on this tranquil, awful voyage? Where was the shore which should come up from the deep and stop that floating form, and stop his following vision, and give rest to both? The picture had not been many minutes present with him when he felt as if he had been gazing at it for ages, as if his fancy had never formed, would never form, another. It was not the rustling of the trees around him in the early summer wind which he heard, it was the swift swirling of the water in the little bays on the island shore, as it sucked up the shining pebbles and threw them back again. He saw forms and heard voices; there were buildings near, and the tread and stir of life; but these were not real. There was nothing real but the shoreless sea, and a form with covered face and calm, composed limbs floating on, on, on, for ever, in its mighty embrace.

Among the multitude of his thoughts, countless, unimaginable, these were prominent.

He had not intended to kill her (he never named her to himself more): he had gone to the cottage, infuriated at her silence, and determined to carry out the intention he had announced to her; he had

followed her to the island in his rage at the opposition of even a little delay to the assertion of his sovereign will and pleasure; he had found her at the little sandy cove which she loved. She was seated on the sand, near the edge of the water; her bonnet and shawl were lying beside her; at a little distance a bathing-dress and a sheet lay on the sand. Her face was towards him as he came round a jutting corner of the land, and he saw that she looked ill and worn. He had not seen her for months, and the last time he had looked at her face it was senseless, dead. He wished it was dead now; he hated her. But he never intended to kill her.

Her golden hair hung loosely down, pushed carelessly behind her ears; her hands were clasped upon the edge of a book lying open on her knees. She spoke softly to herself as he came round the rock, and looked off her book towards the water:

'And there shall be no more sea.'

Then she saw her husband, and started up with an exclamation of surprise.

He thought, but confusedly, of the angry words which had followed. He remembered the fury and the astonishment with which he heard her denunciation of him, her positive refusal to accede to his proposal, her lofty reply to his taunt concerning her helplessness—that she had on her side God and the right. He remembered the sudden conviction which seized him that she could indeed ruin all his hopes, when she told him that she was not so friendless as he thought, so utterly without resources; that there was one person in the world from whom she confidently expected aid—he might have forgotten the friend who had aided her mother and herself, but she knew she might rely on help from him still. He remembered how his hatred of her grew wild and frantic at these words; for he had indeed almost ceased to remember Mr. Eliot Foster's existence, and had never imagined the possibility of his wife's infringing his command—that she should not communicate with him. He remembered how she saw, and how her face showed him that she saw, she had at last found a weapon with which to fight him, and that he feared her. He did fear her: the fulfilment of this threat must involve all plans in utter destruction; and he remembered how she had stood before him, no timid, shrinking girl, but a dignified woman, strong in her indignation and undaunted in her protest, declaring her knowledge of his faithlessness, and her resolution to defend her own right. He had never seen her look as she did, when, bare-

headed, her slight figure drawn up and her hand outstretched, warning him, she told him she knew he was betraying her.

'I know not,' she had said, in a steady voice, which he seemed to hear now, 'for whom you wish to desert me, to impose a lying life upon me, and drive me from my place, which I have never forfeited, among women honourable in the sight of God and men. It may be for a woman who loves you with a guilty love; it may be for a woman who loves you innocently, unconscious of my wretched life; but, whoever she is, you shall not do her this complacency, or this wrong. I will lead this hidden life no longer; I never dreamed of the meaning it might have, that it might involve others in my misery, or bring heavier condemnation upon you. But I know it now, I see it now, and I am resolved. I have but two to guide me — my dead mother, and the friend who helped her in her need many a time. I know what she would say to me, what she *does* say to me; and I shall soon know what *he* will tell me to do when he learns the infamous device you are resorting to because you want to be safely false to me. But you shall not, Henry; no, you shall not. I have borne a great deal — as it is a woman's duty and a woman's fate to bear — but this I will not endure; I will not make it easy and safe for you to betray me, to prefer another to me.'

He remembered how she was transformed by her lofty wrath, and how she stood undaunted by his fierce threats, unmoved by his unmeasured utterance of hatred and disgust.

'I know it,' she said; 'I have long known it. You hate me as bitterly as you have wronged me deeply; you hate me because I am a living reproach to you; because you are false, treacherous, cruel, base to me; and because I have loved you since we were little children together. And you may hate me more and more bitterly, and you will. You may fill every hour of my life with misery; I have no power to prevent that; but you shall not put me away into a lying oblivion, and put another woman in my place. Don't attempt to deny your intention, don't fancy you can deceive me. I have known the truth for months. God, who gives the beasts of the field unerring instinct, does not permit even so feeble a creature as I am to be quite ignorant, and without defence; and He has put it into my heart to read your meaning, and to defeat you.'

What was it that told him that she was dauntless, quite beyond his power; that he had never understood the strength underly-

ing her apparent weakness; that he had not taken account of the tremendous element of jealousy in her character, now suddenly awakened into fierce, flaming activity, transforming her into a dangerous and intrepid foe? What was it that told him, but with inconceivably subtle and rapid communication, that he could only silence this denouncing voice, crush this portentous opposition, escape the utter demolition of his plans and hopes, in one way, and that way easy, ready to his hand?

What was it that reminded him that the island had but two human beings upon its extent; that the nearest coast was utterly solitary for miles; that his wife had been warned against her imprudent habit of bathing out of reach of assistance, and at unusual hours and seasons?

Who was it that showed him in that moment a picture of Madeleine, in which every charm he worshipped, every look which had ever made his heart beat with the mad, guilty hope that she loved him, was blended into an effulgence of light and beauty?

The story of subtle, terrible temptation takes many words to tell it, and they must needs be colourless and inexpressive.

There were some more angry words, a more distinct whisper of the tempter to his cruel heart, an awful change in his face, which made Alice shrink and cower at his sudden approach, and in one moment his murderous hands were choking her, and she was down, prone on the sand and shingle. In another she had caught his hands, and torn them so far open that she could utter one scream; then, while he seized the sheet which lay close by and wound it round her head and arms, she screamed again. And once more, but only once; not loudly, but with a fearful, gasping sob, which surged up the quivering flesh under his grasp, and then passed out into the air like something that might be caught and handled.

How well he remembered that sound! It passed out over the sea in his fancy, and went on, on, on, for ever, like the floating form.

So he had killed her, quickly too, and easily; but when he knew she was quite dead, and when he stood upon his feet beside the shapeless thing muffled in the sheet, just spotted here and there with blood, his first thought was that he must not think. To think was to grow frightened; to grow frightened was to betray himself. In an instant the motive of the deed was forgotten, the future was blotted out; all resolved itself into putting this shapeless thing out of sight, and getting away off the island. There was no human being within sight for

miles; but a long way off, towards the horizon, a speck-like boat was dancing on the waves. Had the people in that boat a glass? Nothing could be more unlikely. And the screams? The little wind there was, was blowing towards the shore. But even this brief consideration had taken him a moment, and the murderer had no moments to spare. He could not carry the thing he did not name, in his thoughts, to the water-edge. The strand stretched far, covered with shallow water; it dipped and deepened at the Long Hole, close by. He must place it there, where it would be carried out by the tide.

The last time Henry Hurst's arms had lifted Alice was when his cruel words had struck her down insensible. They lifted her now, when he had killed her outright, and the desire of his evil heart was fulfilled. He lifted her in terrible fear and haste, carried her, the sheet still hiding the face he dared not look upon, the face which dangled helplessly under its covering, horribly near his own, to the shelter of the jutting rock. There he contrived to remove her simple dress, guarding, in all his haste, amid all his growing fear of the helpless, heavy mass he was handling with a dreadful loathing of it — against tearing the clothes which might be a witness against him. If he did but know where she usually placed them while she was bathing — not on the shore, he fancied, they would be filled with sand in that case — he must think of that afterwards. At last, somehow, with horrible exertion, he had clothed the dead form in the bathing-dress, torn in dragging it over the rough folds of the sheet, which he could not bring himself to remove, even to gain invaluable time; and it lay at his feet again, his task nearly completed. He folded the clothes neatly, rolled them in the shawl, and carried them up the landward side of the cliff, which overhung the Long Hole. There he deposited them under a furze-bush, in a sort of natural basin formed in a rock. Then he descended the little cliff again, its inequalities rendering his movements invisible from the mainland. If his haste had been less urgent, less terrible, he might have yielded to the sudden horror with which the sight of the thing he had taken his eyes away from for a few moments inspired him, and utterly lost his presence of mind. But all he did was done in a rage of haste, and the time for horror had not come. That burden must again be lifted, must be carried, but not far. It was lifted — how the shrouded head hung! how the white little feet trailed! how amazing the weight was! — and carried to the edge of

the cliff. Then Henry Hurst once more laid his burden down, and rolled it over into the deep water, flowing placidly and brightly through the Long Hole. He did not pause for an instant, did not look over the brink, but ran down the side of the cliff, along the shore to the jutting rock, beyond which he had beached the boat, which he immediately pushed into the water. Then he washed his hands in the limpid sea, and suffered them to dry in the warm air before he took up the oars. How awfully solitary the Green Island looked as he glanced at it after he had stepped ashore! The boat he had seen was still in the distance; a few sea-gulls were dipping in the waves; not a human being was on the shore.

That was what he remembered when he forced his thoughts to recapitulate the story, as he sat under a tree in Greenwich-park, waiting until he should have entirely done with the past, and entered upon the future.

This was what he expected.

When the boatmen returned from Sandham, his wife's servant would naturally tell them of his arrival, of his going to the island, of his return, and his declaration that her mistress was not there. They would, no doubt, go in search of her, and by that time the awful secret would be in the keeping of the mysterious sea. There would be manifold conjectures, but they would all resolve themselves into 'the lady's' having been drowned while bathing, and into the question of how this fact was to be made known to him. No one in Carbury knew his address, or had any means of communicating with him. The servant would be certain to mention that he had desired her to inform her mistress that he should return to Carbury in a week. This he should have to do; and to receive the communication which would then be made to him. In the meantime the accident would probably be communicated to the lesser newspapers, with details, — merely the fact to the more important journals, — and the accidental drowning of a Mrs. Holmes need not be associated with him in any way. The name was a sufficiently common one to escape notice, and the locality was obscure, at least would be certainly unknown to any one with whom he was connected.

He arranged all these particulars in his thoughts, over which he was now gaining something like his accustomed control, while still she was floating on and on, and still his fancy was following her.

His thoughts were growing wonderfully clear, his nerves were getting very steady.

If only he could cease from following that floating figure! If only the land would rise out of the limitless sea, and stop that floating figure, and stop him, and give them both rest!

At length he arose, and went in search of a vehicle in which to return to London.

He found a place in a stage-coach which plied between Greenwich and London then, and was conveyed to town, having slept heavily all the way. When the coach stopped, and he roused himself, he could not make out where he was at first, but had a nervous notion that he must step out into the sea, and follow that floating form, on and on, as he had been following it in his sleep.

In addition to the things which Henry Hurst had forced himself to remember, and those which he had come to expect, there were two circumstances of grave importance unknown to him.

One was, that his wife had never thought of making an appeal to Mr. Eliot Foster; when she spoke of her mother's friend, she alluded to Hugh Gaynor.

The other was, that when Henry Hurst killed his wife on Green Island, the tide, very near the full when he landed, was not coming in, but going out.

The water fell rapidly in the Long Hole; and by the time the boats returned from the mainland, bringing responsible persons to investigate the occurrence, the rumour of which had already attracted numbers to the shore, the rock in the centre lay bare, and its fearful burden was visible to the horrified, pitying eyes which minutely inspected every incident of its position.

There was one among the persons whom the boats brought to the island, on whom attention fixed itself, only inferior in intensity to that attracted by the dead woman. This was a slight, elderly, gray-haired man, easily recognised as a clergyman by the people present, and whose manner, evincing the keenest suffering, bewilderment, and agitation, induced a general belief that he was a near relative of Alice Holmes. No one had ever seen or heard of him before, or of any relative of 'the lady at Bateman's cottage'; but when the two boatmen, sent in the first instance by Burton and Jackson to give notice of their terrible discovery, reached the cottages, they found the gray-haired gentleman there, standing in bewilderment and dread among the frightened women, on whom Mrs. Jackson's belief that Alice was drowned had impressed itself.

As soon as the men knew that the str-

ger was a friend of the lady's and had in fact come to Carbury for the purpose of seeing her, they addressed themselves to him, and related the discovery that had been made. Horror and confusion prevailed; the women shrieked, and gathered round the men, distracting them with questions, and Hugh Gaynor stood amid them like one distraught. Only one clear thought presented itself to him—he had come too late!

The news had reached little Maggie, who had been placed in a chair by the open door of Jackson's cottage. She sat, rocking herself to and fro, her little body seemingly in acute pain, and her head covered with her pinafore. When they spoke to her she made no answer but a moaning cry. When the men returned she uncovered her head for a minute, but seeing her father was not there covered it again, and listened to their story shuddering. But no new violent emotion seized upon her as upon the others; and when the women came to her, pityingly, she only said, 'I knew, I knew; I heard her.' In the excitement and horror which prevailed upon the shore there was no place, no time, for the story which Alice's servant had told being repeated to Hugh Gaynor. He did not know, he did not remember to ask, what it was that had caused the first alarm and given rise to the search. It was not until the boats were on their way to Green Island, and the policemen who had been fetched from Carbury were putting questions to the boatmen, that he understood that the first alarm had been given by Alice's husband, who had gone to the island to seek, but had not found her.

Where was he then? No one knew. The servant had told them he had gone away immediately.

An unavailing effort had been made to induce Jane to go to Green Island. She had never been on the water in her life, and though she was very sorry about her mistress, and much frightened, she was not going on the water for anybody, especially dead corpses, which, she remarked, it wasn't lucky to bring about in boats.

The new arrivals found the two boatmen standing by the rock in the Long Hole, having abstained from touching the body. Not a doubt of the accidental nature of the occurrence had yet suggested itself to any but Burton and Jackson. But the former asked the first of the newly-arrived group if they had brought a doctor, and upon learning that they had not, he said to the policeman:

'Then you had better come alongside

here, and look how she's been found; we haven't touched her; but this isn't a case of drowning, if I know anything about it, which I ought.'

The men removed their shoes and stockings, turned up their trousers, and went into the now shallow water. Hugh Gaynor stood among the expectant group, waiting until the dreadful investigation should be concluded.

It was not very long until the lifeless form was lifted from the rock, and carried to the little sandy cove which Alice had loved. They laid her down—in the wet clinging bathing-dress, with the weeds and the sand roughly mixed with her long hair—on the coverings which had been brought.

Much time had been consumed in the search and the subsequent movements, and the sun was going down. Its declining rays flung a roseate light over the strip of coast, over the smooth water, over the rough, but grieving, silent group, over the still form on its lowly bed, over the figure of the gray-haired man on his knees beside it, gazing horror-stricken on the awful face—on the face he had seen, changed indeed, but beautiful, little more than a year ago—on the face he had so often seen, in innocent girlhood, with a saintly radiance upon its young beauty.

Could they not close the starting, fixed, dead eyes? Could they not compose the distortion of the swollen blue lips, with their dreadful film and froth?

Burton touched him respectfully on the arm, and said:

'It's better to come away, sir. Will you please to go on with my mate to the boat?'

Hugh Gaynor rose, stood for a moment while they hid the dreadful face, not roughly, under its covering, and then went away with Jackson.

The solemn beauty of the evening, in early summer, had settled upon sea and shore, when they carried the mortal remains of Alice to the village-inn at Carbury; and the night was far advanced before all the horrid formalities attendant on the event had been gone through.

When all was done, Hugh Gaynor and Burton went to Burton's cottage, and found little Maggie, still faithfully cared for by Mrs. Jackson, who steadily adhered—despite all rumours and all evidence—to her theory respecting the death of Alice.

It had been found impossible to persuade Maggie to go to bed. She still sat in her chair, and still rocked herself to and fro almost incessantly. It was remarkable that she had not asked any questions, that when people came in and out, and only the one

subject was talked of, the child had said nothing—had not even seemed irritable in her grief, had borne her father's absence patiently. But now, when he came, and not alone, Maggie grew wild with excitement; and it was only when Hugh Gaynor, having aided her father to soothe her by every means in his power, told her she could help them to find out what had really happened to the dear lady, that she became quiet. But then she told her simple story plainly enough to confirm Hugh Gaynor and her father in their previous belief; and when she was pressed upon the question of the time at which she had heard the screams, she answered without doubt or hesitation. She had heard them after the lady's husband took her father's boat and went over to Green Island, and she was quite certain they came from the island, because it was when she turned away from the sound of the bell at Sandham, which came from the other side, that she heard the screams. She was equally clear in her account of the dialogue with Jane, who had supposed all the cries she had heard to have been uttered by Maggie; and when Hugh Gaynor asked her if she thought she could repeat all that she had then told him to a gentleman who would ask her some questions to-morrow, she replied that she could. Guided by the account of Alice's life, which he had heard from Honorine, Hugh Gaynor knew how to direct his questions so as to elicit Maggie's conviction of the fear with which the presence of her husband had long inspired the murdered woman.

Great horror and grief had seized upon the heart of little Maggie. Hugh Gaynor wondered at the intensity of her feelings, but soon found, as Alice had early discovered, that she was no common child.

The solemn duty which had so strangely devolved upon him occupied Hugh Gaynor from early morning, after the night which brought sleep to the murderer, but not to him, until the assembling of the coroner's inquest. On that scene, on the painful interest of little Maggie's examination, it is needless to dwell. The proceedings terminated in a verdict of wilful murder against Horace Holmes.

Hugh Gaynor had something more to do before he could devote himself to the carrying out of the wishes of the woman he had come too late to save—wishes which he divined, and resolved to fulfil. The disfigured remains of her who had been so beautiful were hidden away from curious eyes for ever,—reverently covered by his own hand, the scarred brow kissed by his quivering lips,—and consigned to proper

keeping, until he should have them conveyed to the resting-place which had so often seemed so lovely and desirable to the sick heart of the orphan girl. A few days more, and Alice was laid beside her mother in the corner of the old churchyard where she had played as a child, where the rays of the sun, shining through the branches of the old ash-tree, had made a golden glory for her head in her musing maidenhood; the spot she had seen so often in her dreams, whose picture still hung on the wall in the cottage, destined to a dreadful notoriety.

Henry Hurst did not wake until the morning was far advanced, and then with a sense of weariness and illness. It was not fear, it was not regret, which his first waking hours brought him; it was a revolt of his whole being against what had happened, a feeling of its being impossible, not only that he had done this thing, but that it had been done at all. Then the vision of yesterday resumed its place in his fancy, and he was once more following the floating form on, and on, for ever, over the shoreless sea. He must contend against this at once, and resolutely. He had never been able to think of Madeleine, he had never been able to occupy himself with a dream of successful love, since the moment when the vision of her in her triumphant beauty had come to urge him to crime, — the inspiration of him who was ‘a murderer from the beginning.’ Why was this? Was his mind turning rebel to his will? Were his nerves playing him false? He *would* think of the girl he loved, the girl who loved him, whom he should win, and with her all that would embellish life, and not of that silent form floating on the shoreless sea. What if it were washed-in somewhere, and buried unrecognised, and he should know it by some vague intimation in the account, intelligible to him alone? What a relief to him that would be! Stop; had he not resolved to think of Madeleine? and here he was following the floating form again.

When he had dressed and breakfasted it was late. He glanced at a morning paper. There was no mention of the disappearance of a lady, and her supposed death by drowning at Carbury. They were slow people at these out-of-the-way places, and the circumstances might never be made known beyond the precincts of the village, and the cottages on the shore. Then he took up Mrs. Haviland’s note, read it, and laid it down again open on the table.

‘I will go there at once,’ he thought. ‘I may as well.’ Where was the exultation, where was the excitement which his

success ought to have brought him? He was going to see Madeleine, and now there was no barrier between him and her. This exultation, this excitement would come in time, when he should have lived a little longer, when the risk of his identification in any way with the occurrence at Carbury should either have been encountered and survived, or have ceased to be probable. They would come when he should have ceased to follow that floating figure in its endless voyage over the shoreless sea, and to hear the choking sob, which mingled its sound with the noises in the streets, and the tones of every voice which spoke to him.

A few minutes after he left his lodgings, two gentlemen called there, inquired for him, and expressed much disappointment at his absence. One of these gentlemen the servant had seen before; it was he who had called on Mr. Holmes on the preceding Sunday, but had not left his name. She could not say when Mr. Holmes would return. He had left no orders of any kind. He had been away from home for three or four days, and had come back late last night. The gentleman who had called previously elicited this information; his companion, a light-haired, florid man, who wore spectacles, and pulled the lobe of his right ear thoughtfully as he listened to the dialogue, said nothing, until the other was disposed to give up the seeing of Mr. Holmes as a bad job. Then he said authoritatively:

‘Just show us into his sitting-room, please. I shall leave a note for him.’

The servant obeyed, and the two gentlemen entered the parlour.

‘Has that anything to do with his absence?’ said the light-haired man, taking up the open note from the table, and handing it to his companion, who read it with a changing colour, and an expression of the utmost astonishment.

‘112 Berkeley-square, eh!’ said the light-haired man, pulling the lobe of his ear unmercifully. ‘We needn’t leave any message for Mr. Holmes,’ — he touched his companion on the arm, — ‘if we don’t find him we will call again.’

The two gentlemen left the house immediately, and took the same way which Henry Hurst had taken a little while before; but they did not enter Mr. Haviland’s house. They walked up and down opposite and waited.

Henry Hurst went to Berkeley-square. Mrs. Haviland was at home, was in the morning-room, would be happy to see him presently. Would he remain in the draw-

ing-room, while the footman should ascertain whether his mistress could see Mr. Holmes just then? The man showed him into the drawing-room and left him.

Mrs. Haviland's drawing-room was a very large and handsome apartment, lofty and luxurious, but quite a 'company-room,' as Horace Holmes knew. The mistress of the house was never to be found there when alone.

The barrier between the great drawing-room and Mrs. Haviland's boudoir was formed by a door which at a touch slid back into the wall, and a fantastic screen, a gateway of gilt rails with a lining of crimson silk. One-half of this sliding-door stood open, the aperture was filled by the screen. After he had waited for some time in the drawing-room, Horace Holmes heard the low murmur of voices in the boudoir, and thinking it possible the footman might have been mistaken, and that Mrs. Haviland had left her morning-room, he approached the screen, his steps falling noiselessly on the rich carpet. As he stood there, the barrier of crimson and gold between him and them, he saw two persons, a man and a woman. The woman was seated on the sofa, which he was accustomed to see occupied by Mrs. Haviland, and the man, young, handsome, happy, persuasive, was beside her, holding her slight form in one arm, and one small white hand in his. The woman was Madeleine Burdett, more beautiful, sweet, and lovely than the doomed, accursed wretch who looked at her unseen had ever seen her, radiant with the softened, glorified happiness of a sanctioned, proud, and spotless love; and this was what he heard her say:

'I don't think I could be so happy if I had ever even imagined the possibility of belonging to anyone but you. It is nonsense to make little of first love.'

'Worse than nonsense,' her lover replied, as his lips rested fondly, unforbidden, on her shining brown hair; 'it is rank blasphemy.'

Henry Hurst stepped back slowly, stealthily, and left the drawing-room unheard. There was a long velvet-covered bench, supported by gilded lion's-paws, in the corridor, on which he sat for a few moments to breathe deeply, and get over a strange sensation of weakness in his limbs, and dimness of his sight. Then he went down the staircase and into the hall, where were no gentlemen in powder just then, but only Madeleine's page. 'Who is this gentleman in the boudoir with Miss Burdett?' asked Henry Hurst.

'Mr. Verner Bingham, sir. He has just come back from Russia, sir.'

'Say I could not wait to see Mrs. Haviland; that I will call again;' and Henry Hurst forestalled the boy in opening the heavy door, and went out like one walking in a dream, following the floating figure, — so fearfully distinct now, with such a fell attraction, — over the shoreless sea.

At the corner of the square an empty cab was waiting. As Henry Hurst approached it, two persons crossed the road, and came up close to him. He looked at them vacantly, and was passing on, when one of them a gray-haired man, in the dress of a clergyman, stretched his hand out solemnly, and said: —

'That is the man.'

CHAPTER VIII.

DEMOLITION.

STEPHEN HAVILAND was out of town. A temporary lull in things parliamentary enabled him to look after affairs at Meriton for a few days, and especially to inspect certain alterations and additions which were being made with particular regard to his wife's comfort and enjoyment.

He disliked travelling much more than men who have lived in distant countries in their youth usually dislike it, but he was sincerely ready and willing to 'pair' at the shortest notice, and be off to any place within the compass of two continents at all events, if the doctors would agree in prescribing foreign travel for Julia. But the doctors did not agree in any such judgment; they did not seem to agree at all, in fact, or to have any decided opinion of any kind, except that Mrs. Haviland's malady was of the nerves, and that rest was very good for her.

That her state should puzzle the doctors did not altogether astonish the somewhat sceptical Julia. They were fashionable doctors, and had begun their attendance upon her in the cheerful confidence that she was a fashionable woman, with the fashionable turn for imagining herself dangerously ill; a natural result of too much luxury, too little heart, scanty brains, highly-cultivated selfishness, and nothing to do. But they found out that their patient did not answer to that description, which was a great nuisance. These fashionable doctors, who are accustomed to the handling of skeletons in other than the anatomical order, did not omit to inspect the premises in search of one. But they did not find or come upon any trace of the existence of

one. Mrs. Haviland was the least fanciful, the most matter-of-fact, of women: not a pleasant patient, for she was well-informed, so she was not to be entertained by twaddle; and cold and proud, so she was invulnerable to flattery. The fashionable doctors found themselves in the uncomfortable predicament of having merely to attend to their business and take themselves away. One result of this unsatisfactory state of things was, that though they concurred in disliking the patient, they grew interested in the case.

What did surprise Julia was that her state puzzled herself. If Julia had been an imaginative, impulsive person, who had formed lofty theories of life, and built air palaces of delight and sentiment, she would have known how to interpret her own state; she would have called it by the simple name, despair. But she had never done this, she had not expected more from life than she had got out of it; and it did not occur to her to think that she might possibly suffer as much from having erred in her standard of value, as if her realization of life had fallen short of her actual expectation. So it certainly was not despair that ailed her, nor was it disgust. She knew there was such a possibility as sudden revolt against even a prosperous life; one of those mysterious actions of the human mind which makes it find out its bars, however flatteringly far of they may be placed, and charmingly concealed, and dash itself wildly against them, in blind, wrathful witness to its imprisonment in a strange land. But she was not thus in revolt. She had brought her life into perfect conformity with her designs; her way was clear, her path smooth; it had long been so; she had never walked in it otherwise than with perfect ease and serenity, and there was nothing to prevent her continuing to walk in it with perfect ease and serenity now — nothing except the inexplicable, growing impossibility of walking in it at all.

For instance, here was this shadowy limit of suspicion, scarcely more than a passing phantom of probability, which had suggested itself to her concerning Horace Holmes; she had resolved to act upon it, to visit Mr. Eliot Foster, and ascertain whether there was any foundation for the half-formed notion she had conceived. She had not forgotten it. On the contrary, she connected it with two other purposes — the sending of money to her disowned son, and the revelation to Horace Holmes of Madeleine's engagement. She remembered all these things distinctly, but it was very odd that she should feel as if she were looking

at them in some other person's mind; as if the necessity for seeing Mr. Eliot Foster and for seeing Horace Holmes had suggested itself to that person whom she was contemplating a long time ago, and was to be acted upon at some indefinitely distant period. Surely it was odd that the order of time should thus dissolve itself to the comprehension and experience of that person, and her mind hold securely only the things of the past, and the projects of the future. Surely it was odd that she should not feel able to go and see Mr. Eliot Foster, or to regret her inability. All around her there was a great calm, but she knew that it was only around her individually — that there was trouble which she could not share outside the central point of her repose.

Mrs. Haviland had risen on the day which brought Horace Holmes to her house in obedience to the request she had addressed to him. She felt weaker than usual, found the process of dressing irksome, and felt that there really was not much use in getting up at all if this kind of thing were to be the result. She was still in her dressing-room when the footman took Mr. Holmes's name up, and waited her instructions. Mrs. Haviland would see Mr. Holmes presently. In the mean time, where was he? In the drawing-room, was the reply, with Miss Burdett and Mr. Bingham. That would do; Mrs. Haviland would go down presently.

'In the drawing-room with Madeleine and Verner?' thought Julia. 'That is rather unfortunate. My story is told in anticipation, my warning is useless. I am sure he could not be in their company five minutes without finding out how it is with them. Well, it cannot be helped; for his sake I wish I had had the opportunity of telling him, for I am certain he is in love with her; it would have been a more gentle method of undeceiving him. But on the other hand it is a relief to me, in a certain sense, not to do it; and now that he is there he may as well remain with them for a while and get it well over before he sees me.'

Mrs. Haviland occupied herself leisurely with her morning letters for half an hour, when she desired that Mr. Holmes should be shown into the morning-room. Then his departure from the house was discovered. Madeleine came to her aunt, much surprised, to say that she had not seen Mr. Holmes, and that he was not to be found.

'It's very odd,' she said; 'Thomas says he left him in the drawing-room, and it appears he spoke to one of them in the hall going out; but he has certainly gone.'

'Where were you and Verner?' asked Mrs. Haviland.

'We were in the boudoir,' said Madeleine.

'It is strange,' said Mrs. Haviland, 'and unfortunate to some extent. But I fancy we need not make ourselves uneasy about Mr. Holmes. I think it likely he knows how things are now; when he comes again we will not allude to his having been here to-day. And,' continued Julia seriously, 'I advise you to say nothing to Verner about what we suspect and fear. It must come to an end now; and after all he is the only sufferer from it.'

'O aunt,' said Madeleine, with one of her most becoming blushes, 'do you think I would do such a thing? I hope we were quite mistaken—and if not quite, it will not matter much to him—but, of course, I would not mention it on any account.'

Madeleine was in a state of contentment too perfect to admit of her dwelling on any idea which could produce a discord in the harmony of her young, prosperous life and happy love; but Julia was more than ever convinced that she had been right.

Late in the afternoon, when Madeleine had gone out with Mrs. Fanshaw, and Verner Bingham was in attendance on the two ladies, Mrs. Haviland was surprised by the appearance of Mr. Burdett, in a state of unmistakable distress of mind.

'Frank,' she exclaimed, starting up from her sofa, 'what's the matter? Madeleine'—
'There's nothing wrong with Madeleine,' said Frank, coming up to her and speaking quickly, 'and no bad news from Stephen; don't be frightened. I am a fool to be so upset; it is nothing that concerns us.'

'Tell me what it is at once,' said Julia.

'Gaynor is here in the library,' said Mr. Burdett; 'and he is mixed up in a terrible business. I never saw a man in such a state of mind in my life. I did not like to let him see you without preparing you a little; for it appears you know something of this dreadful affair.'

Mr. Burdett was not getting on with his explanation, and Julia was bewildered. She tried to rise; to go to Hugh Gaynor was her impulse; but she felt strangely weak—the result of any excitement of those rebel nerves of hers—and her limbs were heavy.

'Do tell me, Frank,' she said, almost in a whisper.

'Yes, yes; I will. It is about a girl who went away from Coventry, and whom you and Madeleine were interested in. She was lost sight of. You know whom I mean?'

'Yes, Alice Wood.'

'The same,' said Mr. Burdett, who had seated himself beside Julia, and had taken her hand.

'Well—' he hesitated very much here, 'Gaynor has found out all about the poor girl—and—and the story is an awful one, Julia; I wish there was no occasion for you to hear it—but, unfortunately, you must. You are indirectly concerned in it.'

'I?' said Julia. 'How?—I am interested in the girl for Mr. Gaynor's sake, but how am I concerned? Stay, though; I have a letter for him; it came under cover to me, and I imagine it is from Alice Wood. This is the letter.' She took it from a box on the table as she spoke. 'Has the delay about it done harm? It was not my fault. I did not know where to find Mr. Gaynor.'

Frank Burdett took the letter from Julia's hand with a strange reluctance; his face became still more troubled. Then he rose.

'I cannot tell you about this poor girl,' he said. 'I will take the letter to Gaynor, and bring him to you, and he must tell you himself.'

He went hurriedly out of the room, leaving Julia astonished and grieved indeed, but still more strongly wondering why he should be so much agitated, and what could cause Hugh Gaynor to hesitate about seeking her presence at once. The fate of Alice Wood could not by possibility be of such near and trying interest to her as to render such precaution necessary; and to Julia, exaggeration or distortion of sentiment was impossible.

Frank Burdett found Mr. Gaynor in the library, leaning on the mantelpiece, his gray head supported by his hand, and his face worn with trouble and fatigue.

'Here's a letter,' said Mr. Burdett; 'it has been here for several days; no one knew where you were, and Julia thinks it may be about this dreadful affair. I haven't told her,—I really could not. You must come upstairs at once.'

Hugh Gaynor opened and read the letter.

'All might have been saved if I had got this—if I had come here at once,' he said. 'And here is another extraordinary complication. The poor girl got Mrs. Haviland's address from your groom.'

'How was that?' said Frank.

'You shall see the letter; let us go upstairs now, and get this over.'

When the two gentlemen came into the hall, a group of servants, engaged in earnest and animated discussion, dispersed, but each regarded Hugh Gaynor with curious and suspicious looks. The household

police were evidently already on the scent; the first rumours of the dreadful story, so soon to be known everywhere, had begun to circulate.

Julia's gaze was directed to the door by which Hugh Gaynor and Mr. Burdett entered. Her face was stern and anxious, and it did not relax into a smile of welcome, or assume any conventional expression, as the friend of the past approached after so long an absence. What her own share in the cause of his distress might be was yet unknown to her, but that distress was of a kind and degree which set everything else aside. This was one of those moments in which time ceases to be coined, when 'it might have been yester-eve, or a hundred years ago,' that these two had met last.

'Tell me what has happened to Alice Wood,' said Julia, without releasing his hand.

'Alice Wood is dead,' replied Hugh Gaynor.

'Dead!' exclaimed Julia. 'The letter—'

'The letter was written by her—an appeal to me in the bitterest misery a woman could know, against the most villainous cruelty a man could practise—but it reached me too late. By no fault of yours, by my own, or, if such things can be accidental, by an accident. You shall see the letter, you have a place in it, and you shall hear the story.'

Then he told her, with more detail than he had related it to Frank Burdett, the frightful narrative of his journey to Carbury, and his arrival when the first alarm of Alice's disappearance had been given, and the search was in progress. She sat motionless, not a trace of colour in her face, and before her memory the girl as she had seen her, as she and Hugh Gaynor together had looked at her, when they had visited 'the Gift.' The picture was there, before her, while she listened to the story, even as the vision of the floating form upon the shoreless sea was before Alice's murderer.

He told her of the finding of the body, and the instant suspicion of the murder; he told her of the evidence of the crippled child. He told her of the confirmation of it all, which he carried in his own breast, in Honorine's narrative, and then he referred to the letter—the message from the dead—which supplied such overwhelming proof in its explanation of the motive of this unsurpassingly base and cruel crime. She spoke little, but listened with painful intentness, and a thrill pervading all her nerves. She said only, from time to time,

a few words of horror and of sympathy; the expression of her face becoming more intense, and its pallor more absolute. But when he had told her the result of the corner's inquest, and stopped there, she said:

'But who is this unparalleled villain? Who is the man? You have not told me his name.'

Mr. Gaynor and Mr. Burdett glanced at each other. The latter rose, and walked hurriedly to the window.

'Dear Mrs. Haviland,' said Hugh Gaynor solemnly, 'this is the point at which I must inflict pain on *you*; this is the point at which this dreadful story touches you. While we were wondering and guessing at poor Alice's fate, the solution of the mystery was close by. It must shock you; I cannot break the shock by any preparation. The man is known to you, to Madeleine; was constantly in your house, was here a few hours ago. The man is Horace Holmes.'

Julia Haviland uttered a cry, and put her hands out, as if imploring Hugh Gaynor to unsay his words. He held her hands in his, and felt the trembling of her whole frame; but he only repeated the words.

'Yes, indeed, this is the dreadful truth. I know you had no suspicion that he was married; indeed, that you knew nothing about him. That your house and your name should be mixed up with so dreadful a crime is bad enough; but it is not in that sense, I well know you will feel it most. I have learned from Burdett all about this man's acquaintance with you, which I discovered only to-day.'

'I cannot realise it,' said Julia; 'it is too horrible.'

'It is indeed horrible,' said Hugh Gaynor; and then he told her how the murderer had been tracked by his means, identified, and taken. Julia listened shuddering, and there was a turmoil in her brain. This young man, whom she had wished to shield from disappointment, from mortification—who, she believed, loved her niece, who had been so frequently with them—could he be indeed the cruel wretch who had done this horrible deed? It was so impossible to believe, that her mind could not grasp the fact. They really knew nothing of him, she tried to remember that, to feel quite sure of that, but there came creeping into her veins a sickening, deadly thrill of apprehension, confused and unreasonable, with the remembrance of the vague possibility which had suggested itself to her;—how vividly the day she had heard that laugh under the window re-

turned to her memory; how well she recollected what Mrs. Fanshaw had said!

It seemed to Julia as though her senses must have left her for a few moments, as she became conscious that Hugh Gaynor was reading from a letter. Slowly she collected her faculties, and listened to the simple, dreadful story which poor Alice had told her old friend. She had told it in few and touching words. Her love, her trust, her childlike obedience, her marriage in London, her life in Paris, her misery at losing the chance of speaking to Mr. Gaynor when they met there, her life in the cottage at Carbury, the almost complete separation between her and her husband, her growing wretchedness, her resolution to apply to Mr. Gaynor, and the failure of her attempt to communicate with him. She had told him of the faint hope she had had in Honorine's project, but how it had faded away with time. Then, approaching the later days, she had told him of her husband's letter, of the proposal which it contained, and her revolt against it. The desperation of her position had given her help.

'I remembered,' Alice wrote, 'that you told me the lady I had seen at "the Gift," was kind enough to be interested in me, and I thought if I could send a letter for you to her, you might receive it. I have found out her address; a servant of Miss Burdett's gave it to the person who asked it for me. Miss Burdett is not very far from me while I am writing this. O, that I might dare to go to her, and tell her my grief! But my sad story is not fit for the ears of such as she, who does not know that such things can be. Some day, perhaps, you will tell her about me, and that I remember her so well, and that it has been something like consolation to me to-night in my grief, and company in my solitude, to think that she is near. I can see the lights in the Red House behind the wood.'

She asked Mr. Gaynor's advice, and prayed for his help. She did not believe that he would counsel her to conceal her marriage, or any way consent to an arrangement which might enable her husband to deceive another woman and make her miserable, or enable a wicked, heartless woman — either might be in the case — to triumph over her. But he would perhaps advise her to consent to a total separation, and help her to some means of providing for herself. If the ladies, his friends, who were kind enough to remember her, would permit her to make reference to them, in case of his advising her as she thought he

would, she might be able to prevent herself from being a burden to her husband, which was the best hope left for her in life now. She had not answered her husband's letter, and she had no doubt he would soon come to Carbury. She would tell him what she had done in asking Mr. Gaynor's advice, to render his project of concealing their marriage vain, and she would brave the result, in the hope that advice and help would reach her.

Alice thanked him for all his former kindness to her, for the sympathy he had evinced at their last meeting: told him, in a few words which had pierced his already bleeding heart, that he was the only human creature to whom she dared give the title of friend, and concluded thus:

'I think, I believe you will come to my aid, and yet there is something within me which contradicts this belief, which tells me there is no hope or help for me in this world; and when I listen to this warning voice, it only remains to me to remember, with a grateful heart, that it was you who first taught me practically that there is another and a better, only to be reached through suffering. I have thought much of that better land of late, since I have been very unhappy; you have often told me our hard hearts needed such a call to lead them Zionwards; and I know, if I never see you more in this mortal life, there will be a meeting for us in the only abiding city, where we shall understand all the meaning of our fate here. My mother spoke of you a little while before she died. I think it is the remembrance of that which has given me the courage to write this letter.'

Julia listened, and the turmoil in her brain grew wilder. When Hugh Gaynor had finished the reading of the letter, whose concluding lines he had only been able to whisper in a broken voice, she was so awfully pale, and there was such a fixed look of terror in her eyes, that Mr. Burdett came towards her, quite alarmed, and begged her to be quiet, not to agitate herself thus.

'O Frank,' she said, in a tone of low, concentrated anguish, 'it was Madeleine he loved; it was with an insensate hope of winning Madeleine he did this!'

'Good God!' exclaimed Mr. Burdett, 'what do you mean? How is Madeleine mixed up in so horrible a matter?'

'Not by her fault, not by her fault,' said Julia faintly; 'but I know, if the unhappy girl was right — and her fate proves it — it was Madeleine who innocently brought it upon her. I saw his growing love for her; this day I intended to tell him how vain it

was; and now, now it is too late for anyone to be rescued — his wife, or Madeleine, or him.'

'Madeleine must not know this,' said Mr. Burdett, with very unusual decision; 'it would do her great harm. As much as can be hidden of this dreadful story must be kept from her.'

'Certainly,' said Hugh Gaynor, who seemed with difficulty to recover from the fresh shock which Julia's communication had caused him. 'All that can be must be concealed. From you,' he said, again taking Mrs. Haviland's hand, 'I would have hidden all this if I could. But the circumstances of the case rendered it indispensable that you should know what had happened, and it was better you should know it from me.'

'Yes, yes, much better,' said Julia, as she withdrew her hands from his, and lay back, in utter exhaustion, on her sofa.

Hugh Gaynor had not heard of the state of Mrs. Haviland's health. His own long absence, and the infrequency of the communication between himself and his friends in London, had caused this ignorance. It was in the course of his hurried and agitated conversation with Mr. Burdett, in the first instance, that he had learned anything which led him to fear that she might not receive the communication he had to make to her with her accustomed *sang-froid*. When he came into her presence he was too full of the overwhelming excitement of the incidents of the last two days to remark her appearance particularly. But it had attracted his attention by degrees, as their interview continued, and now Hugh Gaynor was able to realise how much this beautiful, prosperous woman, the envied of the envious, the admired and quoted of the simply observant and good-natured, was changed since he had seen her last. As he saw her now, lying back in an attitude of utter weariness, her closed eyes seeming larger than usual under the thin, transparent lids, her fine, clear-cut features with a certain wanness upon them, he wished more than ever he had not had to tell her this dreadful story.

'But what could I do?' he thought; 'she must know it. She will probably have to be examined at the trial. The concealment of his marriage will establish the motive. I could not have done otherwise.'

Mr. Burdett who had returned to the window, now announced the arrival of Madeleine, and of Verner Bingham. The carriage containing Mrs. Fanshaw drove away.

'I will go,' said Mr. Burdett, 'and prevent Madeleine coming in here.'

Hugh Gaynor nodded assent. As soon

as Mr. Burdett had left the room, Julia opened her eyes, and slowly raised herself into a sitting posture. She was trembling, but she spoke steadily.

'Hugh,' she said, calling him by his name for the first time for twenty years, 'who is this young man?'

'I don't know,' he replied, amazed at her tone, and at her searching, intense look; 'I cannot tell. But there is a person who knows. Haviland wished me not to mention Mr. Eliot Foster to you, because some unpleasant family affairs were connected in your mind with him. But this dreadful matter overrides such considerations. Eliot Foster knows who Henry Hurst is, — for Horace Holmes is only a pretended name, — he acted as his guardian, but always refused to tell him more than that he had been committed to his care, and that he should never know his origin. Foster will have to tell all he knows, now, I suppose. There is no doubt all that was bad in the wretched man's nature was encouraged by this severity of destiny —'

Something awful — something indescribable in her face, made Hugh Gaynor start up and catch her in his arms. She threw her hands out in a weak, wandering way, and said:

'Stephen! Stephen!'

'He is not here,' cried Hugh Gaynor, in the utmost distress. 'What is it, Julia? what have I said?'

Julia Haviland answered him, with her eyes turned towards his, a fearful foreshadowing of distortion upon her face, in a hoarse, thick, unearthly voice:

'Henry Hurst is my son!'

When the fashionable physicians, assembled by Mr. Burdett's hasty orders, made their report on Mrs. Haviland's condition, there was perfect unanimity among them. The case was one of paralysis — long threatening — accelerated by the excitement, no doubt, of this very shocking affair. Mrs. Haviland was not in a state to bear any shock, and her extreme sensitiveness was much to be regretted. The fashionable physicians could boast of more than one patient endowed with nerves of exquisite sensitiveness, and feelings of the keenest order, who could have supported the discovery that one of their intimate friends was a criminal of the most detestable stamp with equanimity, — some, indeed, who would have been strong-minded enough to have rather liked the notoriety of the thing, especially as the intimacy must always have implied condescension on their part: but Mrs. Haviland had not that desirable

strength. Besides, her powers had been gradually undermined, — they had felt unwilling to alarm and distress Mr. Haviland, but this attack had really been coming on for a long time.

They made amends for the remarkable obscurity of their former opinions by the unmistakable clearness and decision of their present conclusions. This was a case of paralysis, quite hopeless and beyond cure. The duration of life was uncertain; they were disposed to think it would be brief. But, whether she lived a long or a short time, Julia Haviland would never speak again. Hugh Gaynor had heard the last articulate sounds she was destined to utter.

After some days they had the misery of perceiving that her memory was restored, that she was conscious; and then began, for her husband and for Hugh Gaynor, an agonising trial. What were they, they who alone, with one exception (but they never brought Mr. Eliot Foster to her), knew what she desired to know, to tell her? What were they to conceal? Like an unquiet spirit, full of remorse and sorrow, which he expressed freely to Hugh Gaynor — all the pride Julia had so feared to wound tumbled down before the rushing mighty wind of this awful disaster — Stephen Haviland haunted the room in which his wife lay dumb and motionless, save that she could stir the right hand faintly, with her face, once so beautiful, distorted into something more terrible than death, because more discordant. Vainly would he strive to read in the rigid features, no longer ruled by the dominant mind, once so lofty in its sovereignty over the fair body, the yearning of the conscious, prisoned spirit within. She saw him — she heard him; — surely there would come some change over the stony eyes, some sound, though only a moan, from the drawn, crooked lips? But there came no change and no sound. Did she, as he came and went, for ever miserably solicitous and remorseful, know that he loved her better than she had ever believed; that she had been too cynically, coldly severe upon his faults; that time and an honest, faithful love had softened them down, had effaced many of them? Who can tell? It never was granted to this stricken woman to give one sign, to draw nearer to any human heart. The tremendous solitude of the living soul in the motionless body, was never modified until its final release, which was yet far off.

By degrees something like fear of her, lying there so still and dumb, stole over Stephen Haviland. He would not have felt

that fear if she had been really dead, and he could have bidden her farewell in a final hour of solemn grief. But she was terrible to him in this death in life. Everything was terrible at present to this hitherto prosperous man, to whom trouble, either moral or material, was so unfamiliar; — his wife's hopeless malady, the dreadful secret which might at any moment become known, the intense grief of Madeleine, the curiosity, excitement, suspicion of the household, the comments of the world. Around the great central sorrow which occupied him, these minor troubles clustered, and each had its place and time of power for his distraction and misery.

All the former experiences of Hugh Gaynor's life, which had brought him into active contact with sin and suffering under innumerable aspects, had been weak and colourless in comparison with this one. His duty had never before carried him on so painful a pilgrimage as that which he made daily, from the prison where the man whom he had known in his boyhood, whose conscience he had striven to enlighten, whose mind he had tried to form, awaited trial for the murder of the woman over whose beautiful youth he had watched, to the dwelling of that man's mother, — the woman who had renounced the closest of all ties, the holiest of all duties, for the deceitful gift of riches and the paltry bribe of a prosperous place in the world; — the woman on whom heavy retribution had come, from whom the world was falling away now, to whom everything it had to offer was utterly valueless; who was also the only woman he had ever loved. That time was past, 'dead for ever,' but not quite forgotten, and the ghost of it rose sometimes, and trod beside Hugh Gaynor the way between the two prison-houses — that one of stone in which the son was held, and that one of flesh in which, motionless and dumb, the mother lay.

The worst part of it all to him was the absolute impossibility of getting at what the wretched woman thought, of finding out in what way it would be possible to administer relief to her. Sometimes he hoped she had not the power of suffering, that she did not remember; again, he was distracted by the effort to divine the nature and direction of her suffering. How many and how various might not both be!

Was there a late, too late revival of the maternal love which she had belied and betrayed, to intensify into unbearable agony the knowledge of the unsurpassable crime her son had committed — its incomparable cowardice and shame? Was there terrible

remorse, the clear-sightedness of conscience, showing her what she had done, suggesting that the blood of her only child was upon her head, and also that innocent blood which he had spilled? Was there the ghastly, horrible vision of the righteous award, the inevitable punishment? Did this woman, lying dumb and motionless upon her bed, but conscious, see the hangman and the rope, feel the violent death in the prime of his strength and health, anticipate the execration of the crowd, the mortal agony, the invincible dread, the everlasting infamy, for the yet living, feeling, suffering human creature who had taken his earthly vesture from her flesh and blood, been born of her travail, nourished at her breast, who had touched her with baby fingers, and named her with the first accents of his baby speech? All these questions were for ever present with Hugh Gaynor; but he could not answer them, and no answer could come to him from without.

Stephen Haviland, Hugh Gaynor, and Mr. Bardett took frequent counsel together respecting what should be communicated to Julia and what should be withheld from her. At first it had been considered feasible to conceal all, except the dreadful truth which she already knew. They could not tell how far her consciousness was attended by memory; but Hugh Gaynor, watching her not more closely and attentively, but with more knowledge of what had occurred, than the others, read in the distorted face, felt in the feeble, wandering efforts of the restless right hand, a consuming terrible anxiety which he felt must be responded to. So, after much thought, he decided that he would act on the presumption of her understanding him, and tell her all. Suffering she must bear, and he must inflict, how much, or how much modified, God only, the sole Being who could see beneath the veil which wrapped her, could tell.

So, day after day, he came and sat beside her in the hushed room, vacated by the watchers when he came, and told her of her son gently, tenderly, fully realising the awful singularity of the case; but, true to his duty to his Master, he laboured for the cure of that soul which could give him no token that it knew its sickness.

By degrees he had come to understand the story of Julia's life, to realise its temptations, and to regard her with pity far exceeding the condemnation with which her conduct inspired him. He would look at the motionless figure, at the face which gave forth no interpretation of the working of the spirit, and strive to follow what he presumed that working to be—the life of

her disowned child, the life of the girl who had loved him, who was destined to bring punishment upon the son and the mother—the extraordinary unsuspected connection between all the persons involved in this sad story. Remembering that it was Madeleine's innocent hand which had given the seemingly splendid and solid edifice Julia's falsehood had built up the touch which had commenced its demolition, and that Madeleine had filled a child's place in that childless home, he stood amazed at the fitness, the severity, the dexterity of this great retribution. How much, or how little, did Julia comprehend of all this? He never knew; but he always believed she understood it all. When Madeleine came to her, her sweet face full of sorrow and of awe—for in all this misery there was much which she did not comprehend, which the watchful love surrounding her concealed from her—she would move her hand, and let it rest in the girl's gentle clasp.

They who most abhorred his crime made great efforts to save the life of the criminal, and of those efforts Hugh Gaynor rendered to Mrs. Haviland an exact account, speaking solemnly, and his voice sounding strangely to himself, as though he spoke to the dead.

They suffered extremely from their absolute ignorance of her wishes. Should the secret of his parentage be at length disclosed to Henry Hurst? There proved to be no need for its becoming known to the world, and that, too, Hugh Gaynor, thinking her mind might be capable of understanding its bearing on the interest of her husband and of Madeleine, told her. But she could give no sign; there was no instruction to be taken from the feeble, fluttering touch of the fingers. He resolved, then, to act in this respect solely with regard to what should be best for the wretched prisoner himself.

The time passed over Hugh Gaynor's head during this most awful period of his life as it passes in a feverish dream, full of desperate, hasting, ineffective effort, and of the agony of apprehension. Should he ever again experience the sense of resting? Should he ever be able to contemplate the events of the present in a future less terrible and oppressive? There was no time for grief, no time for hope, no time even to weigh and measure the horror of the circumstances; he seemed only to catch transient glimpses of it, like the broken reflection of a passing crowd in a mirror. The large share which had fallen to him in this drama of sin and retribution overpowered him, and placed a tremendous obstacle in his way

with regard to his dealings with Henry Hurst, to whom he was naturally an object of hatred. But Hugh Gaynor determined to surmount this difficulty, and he succeeded, with infinite pains and suffering to himself.

The result was that Henry Hurst learned all, that his visions of high birth and rightful fortune were as ruthlessly dispersed as the Alnaschar's dream which had driven him to his ruin. When all was told, Hugh Gaynor perceived, making itself evident above the exceptional emotions of such a time, the settled weariness and disgust of life which had rendered all her dearly-purchased prosperity well-nigh valueless of late to Julia, evincing themselves in Julia's son. It was rather this weariness, this disgust, which induced him to listen to the persuasive teaching of Hugh Gaynor, than either the stings of remorse or the fear of punishment. Those came later, and when they came were terrible—the most terrible workings of a guilty human soul that the wayworn clergyman had ever witnessed. But with that later closing epoch of the murderer's life this narrative has not the courage or the presumption to deal. Master hands have dealt with such themes, and have felt that they touched them insufficiently; and human speech, with all its wide and grand resources, has no power to sound the depth or to compass the width of such unutterable agony.

At length, when every effort to avert the just award of his guilt had failed, and they all knew that Henry Hurst must die, Hugh Gaynor brought a message from him to his mother; a message of forgiveness, and an assurance that while unknown to him, he had loved her,—a message of repentance too, and acknowledgment of the justice of his doom.

'Must she know it?' said Stephen Haviland, a changed man now, who watched the coming and going of the clergyman with wistful, submissive looks, and was more than ever wretched and despondent when that 'good gray head' was not beneath his roof. 'It might be dangerous to tell her. She may have hope; we cannot say.'

'It is best to tell her the truth,' said Hugh Gaynor; 'she must know it at some time; and if she were ever so little better it would be more dangerous to tell her than now.'

Stephen Haviland heard him very sub-

missively, and went, without urging any further objection, to Julia's room to prepare her, as they were in the habit of calling the announcement which never elicited a sign of recognition, for Hugh Gaynor's visit.

The time was in the fullness of the warmth and beauty of the summer, and Julia's room was a picture of fresh luxurious ornament and the tenderest prevision and care. The entire immobility and changelessness of her condition, the absence of any of the paraphernalia of ordinary active illness, the hush which few ever dared to break, rendered her room unlike any other in which mortal disease reigns. A stranger on entering it would rather have supposed it to be a chamber converted by the sacredness of death into a sanctuary and a shrine.

Madeleine—who, though unconscious, as she always remained, of the extent of the calamity which had occurred, was overwhelmed by the horror and grief of what she did know—was kneeling beside the bed, her bright head resting on the pillow and her tear-dimmed eyes eagerly scanning the dreadfully altered face within a few inches of her own. As her uncle approached, she raised her head signed to him to draw near. He did so noiselessly, and he too bent over the motionless figure.

'Uncle,' said Madeleine, in the lowest possible whisper, close to his ear, 'I think there is a change in her. I think she looked at me a few minutes ago, and her face is not so crooked.'

He bent over the bed, and saw the change which Madeleine had remarked; saw another change, and desired Madeleine to go down and send Hugh Gaynor to him, and not to return just yet. During the short time he was alone, Stephen remained bending over the motionless form—even the restless right hand was still now—gazing steadfastly on the changed face. His own was as white, but not so peaceful. When Hugh entered the room Stephen did not speak, he merely beckoned to him, and Hugh drew near. Then he too looked, and raised himself up quickly, saying:

'We need not fear anything there is to tell now. She is gone to the clearing up of all mysteries.'

He knelt down by the side of the dead woman he had loved, and prayed aloud:

'Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord; for in Thy sight shall none be justified.'

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE LAST OF NELSON'S CAPTAINS.

ON the 8th of January the last survivor of Nelson's captains, the Paladins of the great war, sank to his rest calmly at Greenwich, a hale old sea-king of eighty-six. Sir James A. Gordon had been Governor of the Hospital since 1853, and became Admiral of the Fleet just a year since, on the 30th of January, 1868. He entered the navy in November 1793, at the mature age of ten years, straight from his father's house, Kildrummie Castle, Aberdeen; was posted in May 1805, several years before the Premier was born; and had been nine times gazetted for conspicuous gallantry in the face of an enemy while Mr. Gladstone was still in the nursery. The race to which he belonged stands out as clearly as Napoleon's marshals, of whom they were the contemporaries. Nelson's captains, now that we can look at them as a group of historical personages, strike us as on the whole the most daring set of men ever thrown together for one work. Were it not for their uniform success, and the thoroughness with which they carried through that work, one might be inclined to call them foolhardy disciples of the chief who "did not know Mr. Fear."

As a boy, Sir James fought in the general actions, under Lord Bridport, at Cape St. Vincent and the Nile, and took part in a dozen minor engagements and cuttings-out, which are chronicled in the faithful pages of James.

But it was not until 1811 that his great chance in life came. In that year he was captain of the *Active* frigate, cruising in the Adriatic under Hoste. They were three frigates and a 22-gun ship, the *Volage*, when off Lissa a French and Venetian fleet of six frigates, a 16-gun corvette, and two gunboats came in sight. Hoste wore at once, and signalled "Remember Nelson," and the four English ships went into action with 128 guns less than the enemy, and 880 men against 2,600. In half-an-hour the *Floté*, a 40-gun frigate, struck to the *Active*; but Gordon, without waiting to send a prize crew on board, followed the *Corona*, another French frigate, and took her within shot of the batteries of Lissa. Meantime, the *Floté* had stolen away, no one knew where, and the able editors of the day denounced her captain for treachery in not waiting for her captor's return, and blamed Gordon for not securing her. Hoste only remarked that they didn't know Gordon if they thought he would waste a minute on a prize while an enemy's flag was flying.

Six months later in the same waters, Maxwell in the *Alceste*, and Gordon in the

Active, came up and fought through a long autumn day with the *Pomone* and *Pauline*, French frigates running for Trieste. Gordon's leg was carried away by a 36-pounder, but the *Pauline* was taken, and Maxwell brought the sword of Rosamil, the French captain, to Gordon, as his by right.

In 1812 Gordon, now with a wooden leg, was again afloat, captain of the *Sea Horse*; and in 1814 was under Cochrane on the American station. In August, Cochrane and Ross resolved on the raid on Washington; and Gordon, with a small squadron, was ordered to sail up the Potomac, in support of the land-forces. He started on the 17th, and struggled up to Fort Washington in ten days. "We were without pilots," he writes, "to assist us through that difficult part of the river called Kettles Bottoms, consequently each of the ships was aground twenty times, and the crews were employed in warping five whole days." On the 27th he took Fort Washington, and on the next day appeared off Alexandria, and offered terms of capitulation to the town which our cousins found hard of digestion. Washington city had been abandoned by Ross on the 25th, after the public buildings were burnt. The whole country was rising, and here was this impudent one-legged captain insisting that the merchant ships which had been sunk on his approach should be delivered to him, with all merchandise on board, or——. The army was already back at the coast, there was not the slightest chance of support, and his difficulties were increasing every hour; but the Alexandrians soon found that nothing but his own terms would get rid of this one-legged man. So the sunk merchantmen were "weighed, masted, hove down, caulked, rigged, and loaded" with the cargoes which had been put ashore, even down to the cabin furniture, and with twenty-one of them as prizes, at the end of three days Gordon started to run the gauntlet back to the sea, our cousins vowing that they would teach him something about "terms of capitulation" before he got there. And they worked hard to keep their vow, and at one point (name unknown) had nearly effected their purpose by aid of a strong battery and three fireships. But Gordon in the *Sea Horse*, and Charles Napier in the *Euryalus*, anchored at short musket range right off the battery, and succeeded in almost silencing it: a daring middy or two towed away the fireships, and the whole fleet of merchantmen slipped by. And so Gordon got down to the sea, with a total loss of three officers and sixty-one men, after twenty-three days' operations in which the ham-

mocks were down only two nights. No stranger feat of daring was ever performed than this, now nearly forgotten.

His last command was in his old ship the *Active*, to which he was appointed in 1819; and in 1826 he was made superintendent of Plymouth Victualling Yard, at which time, so far as we know, his work as a fighting-man ceased. Stop—we are wrong; on one occasion the old sea-lion was brought to bay. He attended the coronation of William IV., like a loyal messmate, in full admiral's uniform, with his orders, and the gold medal which had been awarded him after Lissa, on his breast. He walked away from the ceremony, and at a narrow street-corner in Westminster was hailed by a leading rough in the crowd with, "By George! that's Jem Gordon. He flogged me in the *Active*, and now, mates, let's settle him." The Admiral put his back to the wall, and looked the fellow in the face. "I don't remember you," said he, "but if I flogged you in the *Active*, you d—d rascal, you deserved it. Come on!" Whereupon the crowd cheered, and suppressed his antagonist, and the Admiral stumped back to his hotel in peace.

Even with a wooden leg, he must have been a very formidable man in those days; for he stood six feet three inches, and had been all his life famous for feats of strength and activity. He could heave the lead further than any man in his best crews, and before his accident had been known to leap in and out of six empty water hogsheads placed in line on the deck.

For the last sixteen years he has been living, full of years and honours, at Greenwich, and now he lies buried amongst his comrades, and has left the grand heritage of an unsullied name to his numerous grandchildren.

Heaven keep England from any such war as that in which James A. Gordon earned his good-service pension of 300*l.* a year and his Grand Cross of the Bath; but, if England is ever fated to endure the like again, Heaven send her such captains as James A. Gordon and his peers.

T. H.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.
CROSSING BAYONETS.

ARE bayonets ever crossed in great battles? has always been a moot point in military criticism, as to which it appears very difficult to collect the unvarnished facts. That the instances are very rare, and are

always on a small scale, and that "at the point of the bayonet" is a most flexible phrase, seems to be as near the truth as it is well possible to arrive, and such a conclusion is confirmed by a sort of controversy which has recently taken place between General Baron d'Azémar and a writer signing himself "A Movable National Guard" in *Le Spectateur Militaire*, a French monthly military miscellany. The "National Guard" says that, although he made the Crimean and Italian campaigns, he does not consider his experience sufficient to decide upon the question, from which it may at least be concluded that he has not seen bayonets crossed with his own eyes. The General agrees with him, and even admits that the phrase "bayonet encounter" in the ordinary language of the soldier means in general "a pressure altogether moral," and that the *shock* of troops which is ordinarily called an attack or charge at the point of the bayonet should be more accurately named a "bayonet demonstration." Then the General claims in all the wars of the first Empire only two actions in which troops actually met at the bayonet's point; one was in 1805 at Amstetten, when Oudinot's grenadiers attacked the grenadiers of the Russian rearguard, and the bayonet engagement lasted several minutes. The second instance was given at Lutzen in 1813 by the 25th regiment of the line, which, piqued that the Emperor seemed to doubt its prowess, fought the whole day with the bayonet without burning a cartridge; but here the case seems hardly proved. We should know what its adversaries did; they might have been firing off their ammunition or running away, like the Austrians at Caldiero described by General Duhesme. A French and an Austrian battalion had been firing at each other for a considerable period without effect; finding that the latter would not give way, the French commander ordered a charge, when the Austrians broke and ran, although they were covered by a completely impassable ravine.

Whatever may be the truth as to the minimum distance from the enemy's breasts attained by the points of the charging bayonets, there is no doubt as to the great importance of the actual charge. To Suwarrow has been attributed the maxim, "*La balle est folle, la baïonnette est sage*," and a cloud of authorities and instances are quoted by General d'Azémar in support of this view, but we will only mention General Trochu's rules for infantry attacks. The division is to advance in two lines, covered right, left, and centre by a crowd of skirmishers, who are to concentrate as rapid a

fire as possible upon the enemy. At the proper moment, which is to be left to the discretion of the general of division, the skirmishers fall back upon the main body, which still advances, keeping up a continuous fire, supported by the heavier metal of the artillery. Shortly afterwards the charge sounds, and it takes place in order and in perfect silence. If the enemy stands, the line advances to within thirty paces, delivers a general volley and falls on the opposing ranks with the bayonet. The *riposte* to this is to wait with perfect coolness until the advancing troops are within twenty paces, fire point blank, and "rush forward upon the disorganized enemy."

From The Pall Mall Gazette, 23 Jan.

THE RUSSIAN PRESS ON BRITISH POLICY IN THE EAST.

SEVERAL articles have appeared in various Russian journals of late violently attacking the Eastern policy of England, apparently with the object of producing a rapprochement between France and Russia.

One of the most remarkable of these articles is that in the *Golos* of the 12th inst. After describing at great length the action of England in the various European questions which have arisen since 1815, the *Golos* concludes as follows:—"What will be the result of the Conference now sitting at Paris? It is impossible as yet to say; but it is probable that the Conference will decide what England wishes. Now, what does England wish? Peace, we are told. Possibly; but there are different kinds of peace, and there is reason to believe that the Foreign Office desires just that kind of peace which Europe enjoys at this moment—namely, an armed peace, so onerous for the Continental States and so advantageous for England. But no real pacification of Europe is desired in London. The British Government remains faithful to the policy of Lord Palmerston, who kindled war wherever he pleased, which the isolated position of his country enabled him to do with impunity. The English do not wish for a general conflagration in the East, but neither do they seek to extinguish entirely the fire which is always burning beneath the ashes. They might have put an end at once to the Cretan insurrection; but they leave it alone

because at any moment they may find it necessary to reopen the Eastern question in order to transfer the theatre of war from the banks of the Rhine to the peninsula of the Balkan. They have not the slightest sympathy for Prussia; but they labour ostensibly to increase her power in order to counterbalance that of France, their traditional enemy. . . . Such a policy undoubtedly gives them great advantages for the moment; but the least imprudence may make it disastrous. For can it be believed that France will consent always to be the plaything of the Foreign Office, when the French navy, as is admitted by the English themselves, is as strong on the seas of Europe as the navy of England? In any case, it is dangerous to play with fire. . . . The Eastern question may be adjourned, but it will have to be settled some day in one way or another, and if Russia and France were to unite with this object, the solution might very well be disagreeable to England." Another curious article on the same subject appears in the *Moscow Gazette* of the 10th instant, strongly condemning the exclusion of Greece from a vote at the Conference, and attributing it mainly to the influence of England. "The British policy," it says, "labours incessantly to deprive France of respect, influence, and popularity everywhere, and strives to drag her into dangerous and fatal enterprises. This object England has attained in the Crimea, in Mexico, in Italy, in Poland, and in Germany. She now pursues the same policy in the East, by exciting France against the Christian populations of Turkey. . . . No better means of obtaining this result could have been devised than to exclude the Greek representative from the Conference. . . . The Greeks will never forget this insult, and if they are compelled once more to yield to the pressure of Europe, it is to France alone that they will attribute their humiliation. At the same time, the other Christians of the East will know what to expect from that Power, and regulate their sentiments towards France accordingly." The *Moscow Gazette* concludes by urging the Russian Government to refuse any longer to take part in a Conference which "so openly violates all the principles of justice and common sense," and "to leave to an iniquitous majority the responsibility of its resolutions."

ADVICE GRATIS.

Old woman, do not dye thy hair ;
 Old foggy, from thine hoary head,
 Repel the darkening wash ; a snare
 Contrived with deleterious lead.
 Ye who are prematurely gray,
 Use dyes, and know not what you do,
 May brush in mercury, and may
 Be prematurely toothless too.

It may not harm the blood of man
 If liquid iron the scalp's pores drink,
 And then the head with juice of tan
 Be washed, and so renewed with ink.
 Or say that you blanched locks restore
 To something near their pristine hue
 Like faded clothes ; upon them pour
 The old reviver black and blue.

But mind that all the salts of Mars
 On linen leave a rusty stain :
 A bosom's front, adorned with stars
 Of reddish brown, there may remain.
 The walnut's liquor will afford
 To grizzled hair a safe disguise,
 With that from time to time restored
 It might be, rather than with dyes.

And there are mushrooms which do yield
 A ketchup that would serve as well ;
 Go, seek them in the pasture field,
 Along the borders of the dell.
 But better will you leave the pate
 To grow, as Nature wills it, white,
 Your aged face, that doth not mate
 With raven fringe's a sorry sight,

Which if you don't, old fools, discern,
 Whilst you betray yourselves unwise,
 All who behold you thence will learn
 How much have likewise failed your eyes.
 Attention to the head's inside
 With more good will repay your pains ;
 Philosophy of health, applied,
 May help you to preserve your brains.

Punch.

HERE HE IS AGAIN:

WHO? WHY, OUR OLD POET OF THE PHILHARMONIC. DON'T YOU REMEMBER HIS DIVINE STYLE IN BY-GONE YEARS OF MUSICAL STRIFE? YOU WILL DIRECTLY.

WELL, I declare! If Music, which means the same as Harmony,
 And if there are any Savage Breasts professes to be quite equal to charm any,
 Isn't again causing Able Conductors and Pleasing Vocalists to fly at each other,
 When every true Musician should regard the rest as a Man and a Brother.
 Of course I don't mean when he's a Sister, that's different conditions,
 (Instance GRISI, PATTI, LUCCA, NILSSON, ARABELLA GODDARD, and TITIENS)

Instead of letting Passions rise, because Pitch is to be let fall,
 Surely such Sentiments don't become Philadelphieion, namely, Exeter Hall.
 Highty tighty, goody me, I say, Come, you know,
 Bless me, My word!
 Considering the Matter in unfriendly Spirits is a good deal worse than absurd.
 Why, you know, if Brazen instruments gets rusty, a Sensible Man oils 'em,
 But if Human Voices grow rusty, the rust takes and Spoils 'em,
 Because you can't oil voices, though you can the inside of a throat,
 As salads, Cod Liver, Olives, Castor, Sardines, and others useless to Quote.
 Brilliant no doubt, Conductors are, like the lightning which runs down them,
 (Not them, but the iron ones) and ought to have Noble Laurels to crown them,
 And I'm sure to hear a great orchestra go off Simultaneous
 Impresses with the highest idea of Instrumental genius,
 But voices before instruments, MIRIAM before TUBAL CAIN,
 (At least she came after him, but my Allegorical meaning is plain)
 What is made by Nature can only be mended by her, and she won't mend it,
 Whereas Most Respectable makers will mend your Pipe whenever you please to send it.
 And if SMs REEVES, and HALLE, and MANNS, and the rest say Down with Pitch,
 (As if laying Bitumen pavement) the Conductors should behave as sich,
 That is, conduct themselves, namely, with Suavity, Conciliation, and leave off sulking,
 Pitch ill feeling to the deuce, and Toss discord clean out of the Welkin. Punch.

"GIB."

WHEN gentle France gives up Algiers,
 Prussia the kingdoms lately gripped,
 Off from Circassia Russia sheers,
 And SAM's Red Indians howl unwhipped:
 When Italy surrenders Naples,
 Spain's fangs on Cuba's neck unlock,
 We'll think about Gibraltar's ape hills,
 And then we'll—keep the grand Old Rock.
 Punch.

A PACKET of a new kind of note-paper, invented by Messrs. Partridge and Cooper, and called by them "new vellum wove club-house paper," has been submitted to us for inspection. It is undoubtedly a delightful paper to write on, being of a velvet-like smoothness, with a surface that reproduces the ink vividly. Its hue is delicate. It is essentially a gentleman's note-paper.
 The Leader.